

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,620

DECEMBER 15, 1900

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
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WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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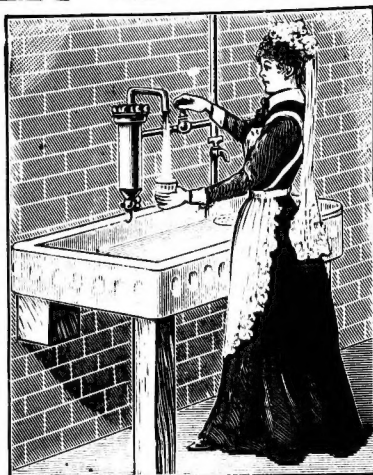
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THE GEOGRAPHIC

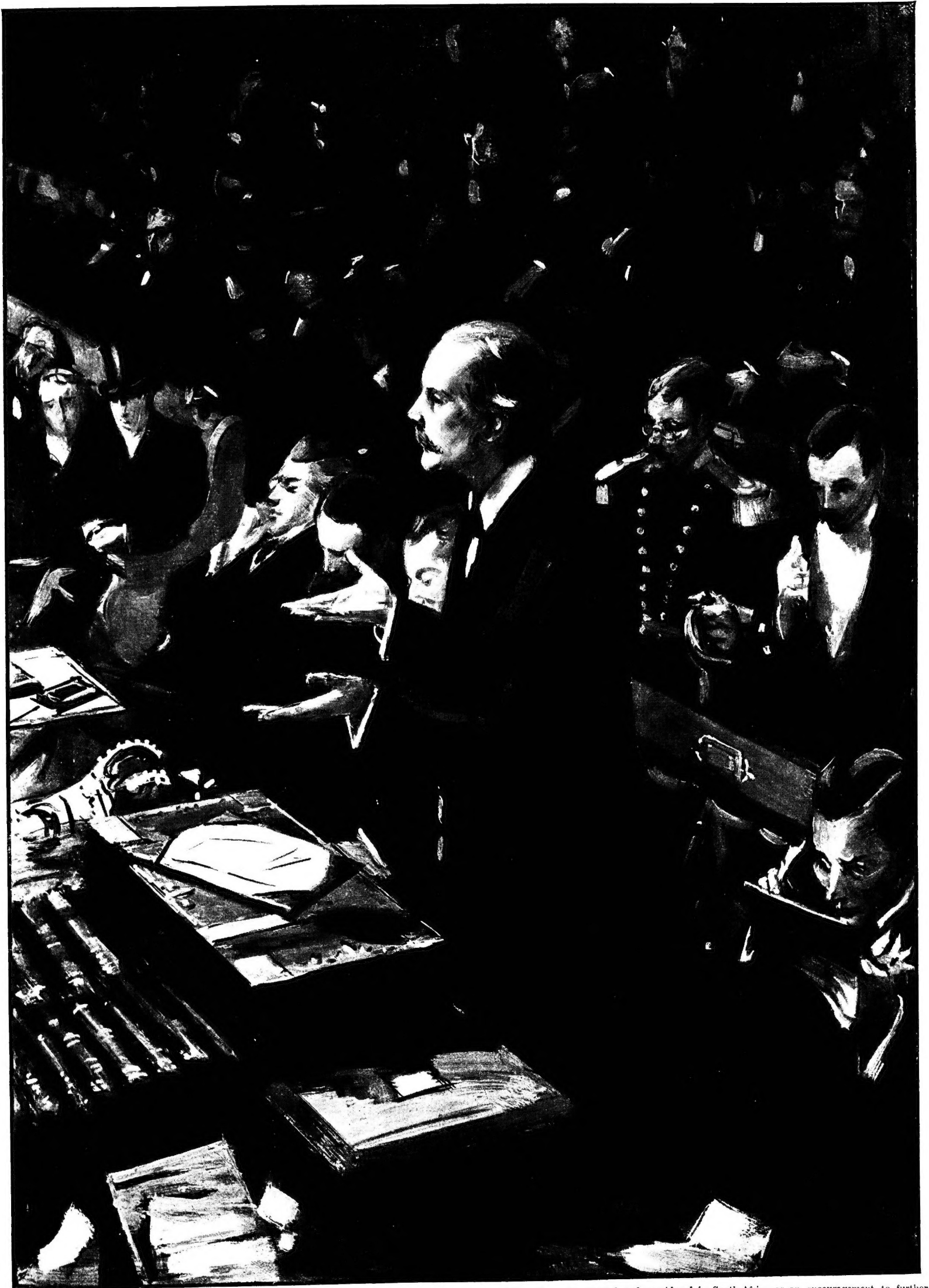
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,620.—VOL. LXII.
Registered as a Newspaper] EDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1900

FORTY PAGES

PRICE NINEPENCE
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"I am of opinion that it is true that votes given to the other side were votes given to the Boers in this sense, and in the only sense in which it could be reasonably interpreted—namely, that it must strengthen the Boer cause, that the weakening or destruction of the present majority—the substitution for this majority of a majority drawn from the other side with the right hon. gentleman as its leader—would have been interpreted and considered in South Africa as an encouragement to further resistance. . . . Is it unfair to say, in these circumstances, that a vote given for the purpose of putting the right hon. gentleman into power was a vote given to the Boers?"

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT: MR. BALFOUR SPEAKING IN THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY P. HALL

Topics of the Week

The Kruger Fiasco

MR. KRUGER has had his hours of triumph both in war and in diplomacy. Majuba and the London Convention were enough to give him a place in the front rank of the century's men of mark. The memory of those triumphs has, however, been now completely obliterated. The failure of the Boers to justify their martial promise of 1881 has been followed by a still more disastrous diplomatic fiasco in Europe. We owe to considerable sympathy with the aged ex-President. While he trusted his own natural instincts and abilities he did well, but since he allowed himself to be tempted with dazzling ambitions by the Hollander-adventurers who gathered round him he has passed from difficulty to difficulty, until now he finds the work of his life an irreparable ruin. Of the complete collapse of his last enterprise there can no longer be any doubt. The shouts of Paris have completely died away; Germany has flatly refused to raise a finger to help him; Russia is inarticulate, and the other Powers are passive. No one contemplates the "folly," as Count von Buelow calls it, "of acting Don Quixote against England." Indeed, there are only two Powers who are materially interested in the politics of South Africa, and neither of them sees any menace to its interests in the settlement which Great Britain has announced. The past week has been notable for pronouncements extracted from both of them. The view of Germany has been explained by the Imperial Chancellor with his usual cynical frankness. From the Boers there is nothing to gain, while from British enmity there is much to lose. *Erso*, neutrality is the duty of Germany. Portugal, the other South African Power, has expressed herself with more generosity. The visit of the Mediterranean Squadron to Lisbon has been the occasion for a gratifying manifestation of Anglo-Portuguese friendship in which the ancient relations of the two kingdoms have been enthusiastically confirmed. We are not simple enough to take every word that is uttered by German or Portuguese statesmen for Gospel truth, but of the upshot of the week's speeches there can be no question; it is that Germany and Portugal as South African Powers acquiesce in the territorial changes resolved upon by Great Britain. This decision solves every practical diplomatic problem connected with the annexation of the Boer Republics. It is a striking fruit of the wisdom of Lord Salisbury's statesmanship, for it must not be imagined that its origins are all explained by the ancient alliance with Portugal, or by the doctrines of *Real Politik* expounded by Count von Buelow. Five years ago Germany, for reasons which are no secret, was quite ready to play the part of Don Quixote on behalf of the Boers, and Portugal herself has not always been as sensible of her obligations to this country as we had a right to expect. The recent manifestations of Portuguese friendship for England are extremely significant to those who remember how, only a few years ago, Portugal was seething with a passionate hatred of everything English. The explanation of this changed feeling is simple enough. In the first place, the boundary dispute, over which the former quarrel arose, was settled by a reasonable compromise, and, more recently, Lord Salisbury has taken steps to assure the Portuguese Government that England does not covet any of the possessions of Portugal in Africa or out of it. This assurance is of first importance in view of the alleged agreement Treaty between England and Germany dealing with the possibility of a partition of the Portuguese Colonies. That partition is now postponed to a future so remote that we may all hope that it will never be reached. England has certainly no desire to add to her already enormous South African or Central African possessions. It is true that some rather foolish Jingoism have turned their eyes covetously in the direction of Delagoa Bay; but as long as Portugal permits free transit between the port of Lorenzo Marquez and the Transvaal her possession of Delagoa Bay is no disadvantage either to England or to her new Colonies. Even were it otherwise, most honourable Englishmen would agree that England should

endure such disadvantages as existed rather than use her might to remove the landmarks of a weak neighbour who is also an ancient ally.

The Army Gratuity

THE Government has most accurately interpreted the national wish by making a handsome Christmas present to every officer, non-commissioned officer, and private who has served personally against the Boers. Even the sternest economist will not begrudge the amount of this thank-offering, large though it must be, when his memory recalls the devoted gallantry of its recipients and the terrible trials they have gone through. There is another strong reason for the benefaction. In most wars troops look to prize-money to put something in their pockets after the fighting ceases, but in the present instance there has been no loot to form a prize fund. It is only fair, therefore, that the State should, in some measure, make good that loss, and all the more so when it is remembered what valuable assets have come into its ownership through the conquest and annexation of the Republics. It is further to the credit of Ministers that the relatives of all who have fallen are to receive the gratuity, and this distribution will take place without any greater delay than is unavoidable. It may appear a trifling matter to wealthy people that the widows and orphans should thus get a few pounds, but we make very sure that the national gift will be quite a godsend in a large number of cases. It is greatly to be hoped that equally quick despatch will be made with the distribution of the South African war medal. Happily, that is one of the first things Lord Roberts will be certain to see to after his return. Thanksgiving Day would be largely shorn of thankfulness to the national idol if the splendid troops he has so brilliantly led to victory were to be kept waiting for any of the rewards to which they are entitled.

Food Adulteration

WHATEVER may be the explanation of how large quantities of beer at widely separated towns came to be simultaneously poisoned with arsenic, the incident, regrettable though it be, will not be an unmixed evil if it compels Parliament to address serious and immediate attention to the whole question of food adulteration. Chemical science has accomplished grand things for the national benefit during recent years, but, unfortunately, there is only too much reason to believe that it is sometimes devoted to ignoble and even dangerous purposes. Buyers can no longer make sure, even when dealing with thoroughly respectable tradesmen, that the goods supplied are what they want and what they pay for. In appearance, and, perhaps, even in flavour, there is little or no difference, but there may be a great loss of nutritious quality if some chemical substitute has replaced one of the customary ingredients. The direct fault lies, of course, with the manufacturer, but, after all, he is less blameworthy than the craze for cheapness which dominates almost the entire community. Whether this mania be consequent upon the feminine craving for "bargains," as some misogynists suppose, is an irrelevant issue. But it is very certain that many men now begrudge paying the same price for a good article that they used to disburse willingly enough. The manufacturer is consequently under compulsion to diminish the cost of production in one way or another, and as he dares not attempt it by reducing wages, he calls in the chemist to help him to satisfy popular requirements without any sacrifice of profit. And so it goes on until the time seems to be at hand when the only matter on which the buyer can make quite sure is that he will not get the genuine article he would like to get "on the cheap."

Feminine Farming

LADY WARWICK has succeeded in demonstrating, through the instrumentality of her admirable Hostel at Reading, that her sex are quite competent to take part in many important departments of agriculture. When the praiseworthy and now successful institution first came into being, there was plenty of cheap scoffing at the idea of Hodge, with his great muscular strength, ever being supplanted by the feminine labourer. It is almost needless to say that no such wild notion came within the four corners of Lady Warwick's philanthropy. She believed that her sex only required proper tuition to secure fairly paid employment in dairy and poultry farming, fruit cultivation, and those other minor branches of the greatest national industry, whose neglect has so largely conduced to rendering the British population dependent on foreign supplies. As Mr. Chaplin mentioned in his interesting speech at Reading, over thirty millions sterling is annually paid to foreigners for butter, cheese, margarine, eggs, and poultry. That large sum is certainly worth an effort to keep at home, and if, while effecting that gain, additional employment is secured for feminine labour all the better. It is sheer prejudice to assume that women are not adapted to be farmers' helps; in the olden time, farmers' wives and daughters were very efficient assistants in the dairy and poultry-yard. But quite fresh proof of their capability was lately afforded in Cheshire. Owing largely to the introduction of technical teaching in dairying, the late Whitchurch cheese fair, the largest in England, was an almost unexampled success both in the average of quality, in the quantity "pitched," and in the high prices readily paid by buyers.

"Place aux JAMES"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE abnormal mildness of the weather makes people in the country doubt whether it is winter. Primroses, poppies, stocks, pansies, mignonette, and roses are still blooming gaily in many places. The seasons seem to have changed, late autumn is now summer, and until Christmas there is hardly a sign of winter. The warmth of the air is said to be unhealthy, yet the prolongation of the flowers' lives in the garden affords exceeding pleasure to the amateur.

Inflammable combs continue to cause accidents. Only a few days ago Lady Saltoun was sitting with a comb in her hair by the fire when it suddenly ignited. Fortunately, the presence of the fire when it suddenly ignited. The latter seized a Lady Ailsa saved her from a serious disaster. The latter seized a cushion from the sofa, and held it over her friend's head till the fire was extinguished. Lady Saltoun was severely burnt, and had a narrow escape of death. Will ladies not take warning, and throw into the fire once for all these terribly dangerous ornaments?

A rather absurd story reaches me from Ireland. It seems that a stalwart Highland regiment, of which the men were colossal, and displayed brawny, well-shaped limbs, was quartered in an Irish town where the inhabitants had never seen a kilt. Their notions of propriety were outraged by the sight of the gallant Scotchmen wearing short petticoats. To soothe the susceptibilities of the unco-guid the Roman Catholic bishop wrote an epistle to the commanding officer, requesting him to lengthen the men's skirts. The canny Scot, equal to the occasion, politely returned for answer that the length of the kilt was according to the Queen's regulations and could not be altered. Since then the feeling of the inhabitants has changed from surprise and horror to admiration and respect for the Highlanders' prowess and skill in games and shooting.

London bids fair soon to rival New York in noise. The motor dust-carts which perambulate at night hiss and snort and rumble like a railway train, until good people, suddenly awakened from their slumbers with a start, may justly wonder where they are, and whether their houses are situated beside some railway terminus. The motors in the day time emit foul smells and hideous noises, and if night is also to be made unbearable, the Londoner of the future will soon suffer from as many nervous diseases as does his American brother.

The great French painter, Benjamin Constant, who has achieved such an admirable likeness of the Queen, has just completed a picture of the Princess of Wales. He is a very rapid worker and was in England only for a very short time, but during that period managed to paint two masterpieces. One, a very fine man's portrait, was begun and finished between Friday and Tuesday of the same week, the sitter giving him two sittings a day. His likenesses are admirable, and the pose and expression always virile and striking.

Ladies who have some spare time on their hands (and who has not, even in the busiest life?) should note Mr. Sidney Holland's (the chairman of the London Hospitals) appeal for visitors to the patients. He says he could easily find occupation for a hundred visitors of the right sort. And what are the qualifications? Merely a little human sympathy, the offering of a few flowers or books, the kindly word, the bright look. These visits are enormously appreciated by the poor, who are often friendless and alone, lying for long days on a bed of sickness; even when they have friends (sometimes injudicious in their kindness), the novelty and variety of a lady's presence, the sense of importance her interest in them gives, and the soothing and strengthening influences of a few pleasant

NOW READY.

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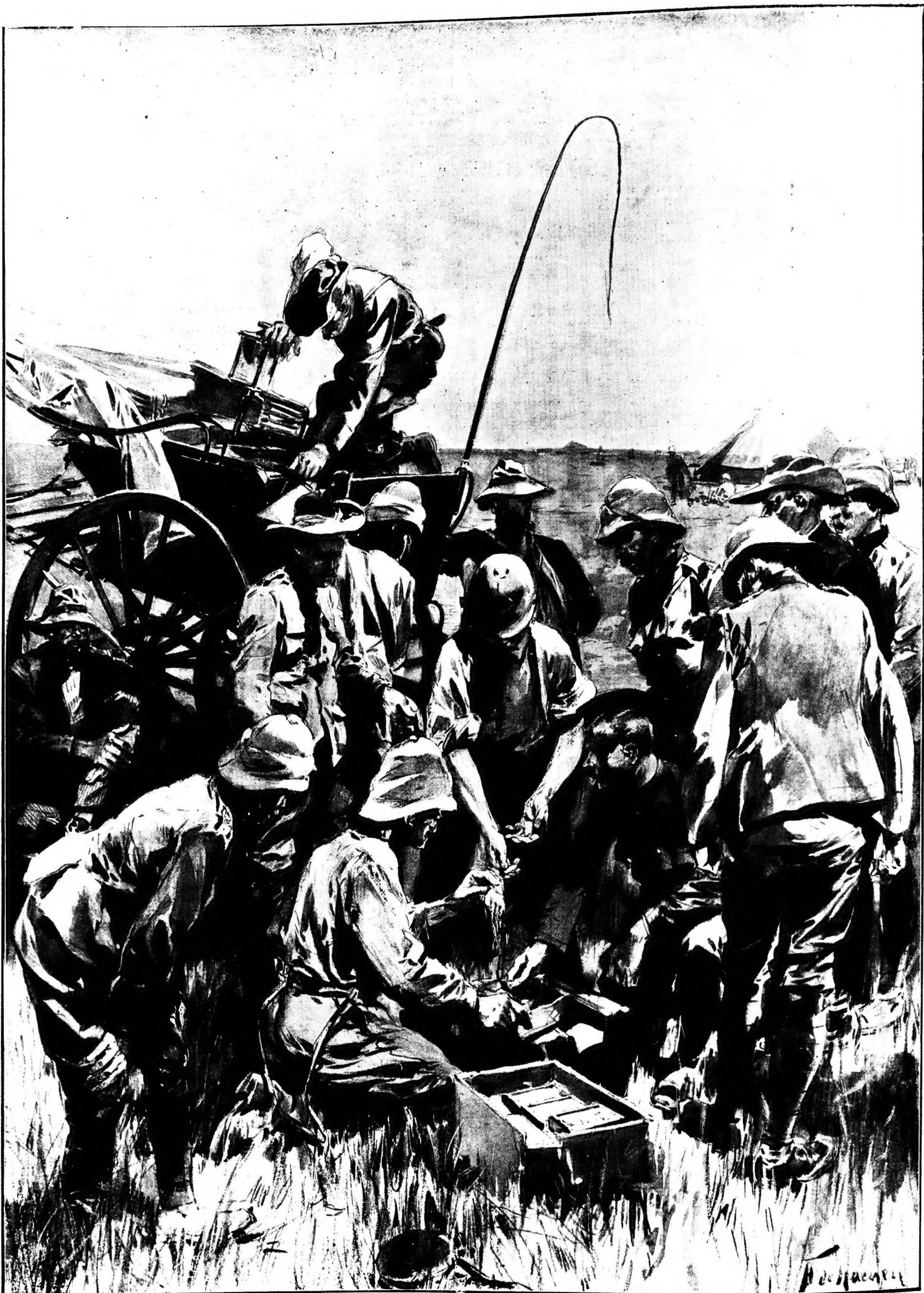
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ARE YOU GOING TO A CONCERT?
SEE PAGE 6 OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."



DRAWN BY F. DE HAESSEN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

A patrol of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, consisting of an officer and twelve men, surprised a party of Boers close to Watervaal Standerton. They took one man prisoner, wounded another, and killed four

horses. They also captured a good buggy, some dynamite, and various articles of equipment which had originally been captured from our men. This haul of booty was distributed among the men.

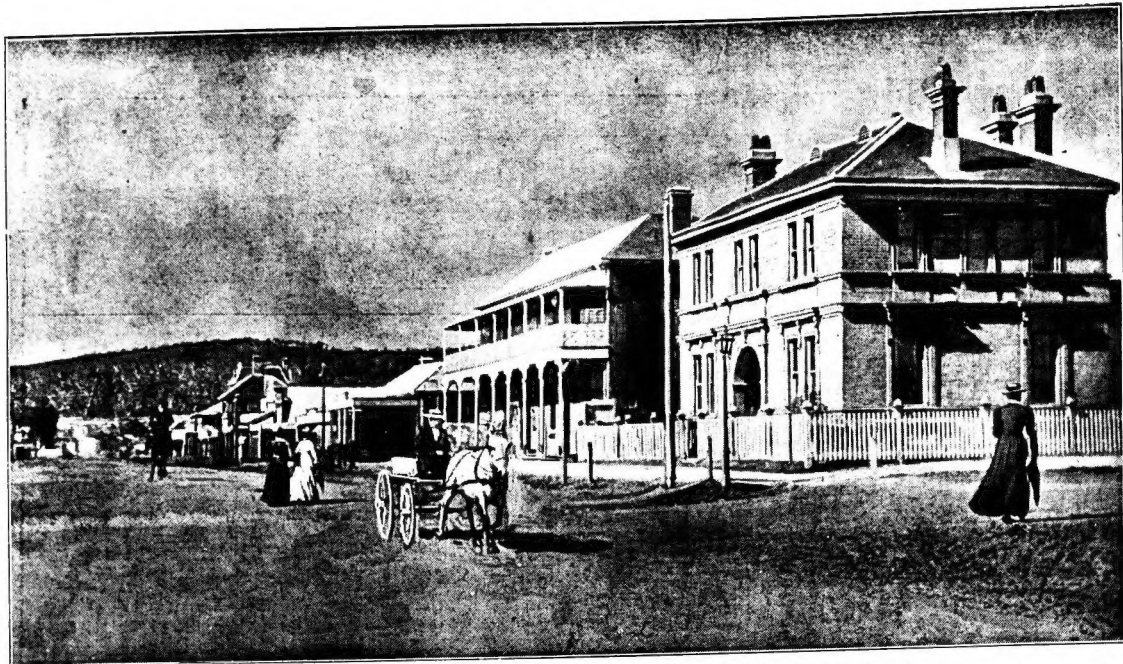
AFTER SURPRISING A PARTY OF BOERS: DISTRIBUTING THE BOOTY



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.
The services of the Naval Brigades in South Africa have won unstinted praise on all sides, and now it is from China that we hear of the "Handy Man" again making his value felt. Our illustration shows some bluejackets repairing the line between Peking and Tientsin, which had been destroyed by the Boxers

THE "HANDY MAN" AT WORK IN CHINA: REPAIRING A RAILWAY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



This spot, looked upon as the most suitable of the selected sites, is close to the Victorian Boundary
MAYBE STREET, BOMBALA, NEW SOUTH WALES



This site is on the Southern Road, in the Valley of the Murrumbidgee
COOMA STREET, YASS, NEW SOUTH WALES



This site is considered the most central of any, being half-way between West Australia and Queensland

SUMMER STREET, ORANGE, NEW SOUTH WALES

SELECTIONS FOR THE SITE OF THE FEDERAL CITY OF AUSTRALIA

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

OVER and over again have I referred to the short-sighted policy of railway companies making an extra charge if a return ticket is used after a certain date. I have demonstrated it to be perfectly wrong on commercial principles, and I have pointed out that the longer you refrain from using your tickets the greater is the gain of the company, inasmuch as they have the use of your money for that period without paying any interest on it. Therefore, I am particularly pleased to read a letter on the subject from a correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette*. In the course of this communication he says:—"In issuing a ticket the company make a contract with the traveller to carry him a certain distance. They choose to add a penalty, and the point is that this penalty is not enforceable unless damage can be shown. Personally I make a point on principle of using any out-of-date ticket I may have, stating the fact to the collector, but I have never succeeded in inducing any company to sue me for the amount they always make a point of claiming." This is a very important statement, and it would be interesting to learn what would be the effect if every one adopted the straightforward, common-sense view of the letter above quoted.

A correspondent wishes to know why newspapers may not be posted in pillar-boxes, and informs me at the same time that there is a notice to that effect on most, if not all, of these rubicund receptacles in London. Probably this notice is regarded as a dead letter, for I do not think anyone takes the slightest heed of it. I know that I often see people posting newspapers in these forbidden receivers, and I never hear of any failing to arrive at their destination. Seeing the enormous income that the Post Office derives from newspapers, they ought to offer every facility for their postage, and the pillar-boxes should be as free to journals as to letters. As a general rule there is plenty of room for newspapers, and in the gigantic pillar-boxes they are now erecting there would be doubtless ample accommodation.

It would seem that twopenny-tubism is not an unmixed blessing to those who dwell in the immediate neighbourhood of the line of route. "A Sufferer" had a long letter on the subject in the *Times* recently. In the course of this he said:—"I am living in a house which lies back twenty-eight yards from the high road under which the electric railway runs, and every time a train passes the whole house is shaken to its foundations, the windows being made to rattle in their frames and ornaments in the room set in vibration." He goes on to say that this vibration is so bad that no one with ordinary nerves would dream of taking such a house, and that he opines that the result of this will be a general depreciation in the value of house property along the routes followed by such railways. This writer is by no means alone as a complainant with regard to this matter. As there is a large amount of important house property in the immediate neighbourhood of the route of the Twopenny-Tube this strikes one as likely to be a very serious question. I believe no compensation was received from the proprietors of the houses beneath which the line passed, and certainly none from those whose mansions were situated at some distance from it. This should act as a warning to those householders who happen to be in the proximity of any of the many new tubes that it is proposed to construct, and, if I mistake not, this particular phase in connection with tubery will add not a little to the expense of new lines.

When the Metropolitan Railway was constructed they said it would relieve the traffic. It has not made the slightest difference to it. Neither has the Twopenny-Tube brought about any perceptible difference in the overcrowded condition of the London streets. I rode in a cab the other day from Oxford Street to the City, following the line of the Tube, and I never was blocked so many times or took so long over the journey. The fact is we have begun the traffic question at the wrong end. It is the heavy traffic that we should look after first of all. If we sent all our big vans containing merchandise underground, if we prevented public streets being converted into private yards for loading and unloading, we should have plenty of room for the conveyance of the population in the London streets for many years to come.

A Federal City

THE accompanying illustrations show the three towns selected by the Commissioner appointed by the Government of New South Wales as being fitting spots for the Federal City of United Australia. The one selected as being the most suitable is in the Southern Monaro, near the town of Bombala, which is 319 miles from Sydney, and close to the Victorian boundary. The population of Bombala is about 1,500. It is one of the most elevated towns in New South Wales, and one of the few places in Australia where skating has been practised. There are promising mineral industries in the neighbourhood, but the town is at present supported mainly by the squatters or pastoralists.

Orange and Yass are the other two towns selected, and the Commissioner has bracketed them together. Orange is about 70 miles west from Sydney, elevation 2,834 ft. The population is about 6,000. There is a large tract of gold-mining country on one side, good agricultural land, and a large expanse of grazing country to the west, and the climate is most healthy and bracing. This site is considered the most central of any, being about half-way between West Australia and Queensland.

Yass is about 187 miles south-west from Sydney, an important town on the main Southern Road. Its population is about 3,000. It stands upon a beautiful site in the valley of the river Murrumbidgee, consisting of limestone plains, and is connected with all parts of the Colony by rail. The elevation above sea level is 1,657 ft. Splendid agricultural and pastoral land surrounds the town. Our photographs are by W. B. Clarke.



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

Our Special Artist writes:—"The Germans have a quiet but business-like way of doing things, and I was not surprised to hear one evening that early the following morning they were to start on a punitive expedition on a fairly large scale. . . . It was getting late, and, evening coming on, we had quite given up the idea of meeting any of the Boxers, when our scouts came galloping back. We were at the same time greeted by a regular fusillade from a clump of trees in the centre of the corn, while from the walls of the hunting park stretching

away on our left came more firing. Our men now advanced, deploying through the high corn, while our artillery was brought into action, shelling the position from which the firing first started. I went forward with the troops, and was rewarded by catching upon an open space in the kowliang, where a curious sight presented itself. A party of about thirty Boxers, evidently headed off, were facing the Germans, and going through their dance, or Boxer movements. They were led by a man on a white horse. He wore, like most of these people,

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED WHITING

bright red sashes and shoulder-belts, and a bright coloured cloth wound round his head. The Boxers were armed with Mammelcher-rides, spears, and swords, but the whole of them in a short time were shot down, while four of our men were wounded. . . . After the fight we camped for the night in the village, the general and staff selecting the Temple to sleep in."

THE ALLIED TROOPS IN CHINA: GERMANS HAVING A BRUSH WITH THE BOXERS

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

GENERAL MERCIER, who discussed in the Chamber last week the question of the invasion of England, has astonished the world, but has not astonished Lord Wolseley. It is known to those who have the opportunities for hearing such things that Lord Wolseley has frequently represented to the Government that the Army is not in a condition to repel invasion were our fleets either evaded or overcome. It is not improbable that Lord Wolseley will give public expression to his views on this matter in the course of the near future. The Duke of Wellington, at the beginning of the century, convinced the country that England could easily be invaded, but his contemporaries took no action at the time. At a later period a French colonel advocated the invasion, the English became excited, and a large Volunteer force was established!

It is not given to all to see a new century in, and there are many who are thinking how so considerable an occasion is to be celebrated. Great Britain especially has much cause to be grateful to the century which is dying. Are the churches to make no extraordinary efforts to express this gratitude, and is the State to ignore the occasion? What wondrous gifts is the twentieth century bringing? Will man fly a hundred years hence, will war be made impossible by science, will poverty be diminished to almost vanishing point, and will life be prolonged to unexpected lengths? If ever man had cause to be solemn it will be when the clock strikes twelve on the last night of 1900.

Our Portraits

CAPTAIN HARRY WRIGHT MASTERMAN, of the 3rd Battalion Welsh Regiment, was garrison adjutant to the Commandant of Prieska. He was a son of Mr. Thomas William Masterman, of The Hall, Rotherfield, and of Tunbridge Wells. He was educated at Weymouth College, and took honours degree at Christ's College, Cambridge. He formerly held a captaincy in the Cambridge University, and will be greatly missed in athletic circles. Captain Masterman went out with his regiment in February, and died of malarial fever at Prieska on November 28. He was twenty-five years of age.

The Reverend Gerard Chilton Bailey, whose death from enteric fever has been announced from Dundee, Natal, was the eldest son of the Rev. A. W. Bailey, Vicar of East Stoke, Notts. Mr. Bailey had been vicar of Dundee since 1897, having previously held preferments at Durban, Newcastle, Estcourt and Harding. He married recently the eldest daughter of the Rev. H. D. Moore, vicar of Honington, Lincolnshire, and returned to Dundee with his wife about eighteen months since. A few days before the battle of Dundee Mrs. Bailey left that place for Durban, where she remained helping in the relief of the refugees and tending the sick, among them Mr. Maud, the special artist of the *Daily Graphic*. Mr. Bailey remained in Dundee throughout the campaign, and always spoke well of the treatment he and his remaining parishioners (about five men and twenty-five women and children) received at the hands of the Boers. He it was who buried the late General Sir W. Penn Symons, and his death occurred on the very day on which Lord Roberts was visiting General Symons's grave and the battlefield of Talana Hill.

but Colour-Sergeant Mackenzie came up to him and volunteered to carry the stockade with the bayonet if his company (Yoruba Company, 1st West African Frontier Force) was placed at his disposal. Wilkinson at once ordered his company, which was in the rear of the column, and on the arrival of the first two sections without hesitation Mackenzie charged at their head, followed splendidly by his own men, and all others in the vicinity, their officers, of course, leading. "The enemy did not wait the rush," says Colonel Willcocks in his official account of the incident, "but fled in confusion and rallied, and it is, perhaps, not too much to say that a disaster to arms was thus averted, for a retirement under the circumstances might have ended in a panic. For this act of distinguished bravery I consider Colour-Sergeant Mackenzie is deserving of the highest reward a soldier can receive, and am making a recommendation accordingly. It was only last year that Colour-Sergeant Mackenzie earned the medal for distinguished service in the field on the Nig-

Colonel Lionel James Archer Chapman, Royal Field Artillery, who died at Pretoria on December 3 of enteric fever, was born July 15, 1848. He entered the Army in 1869, was in the 11th Artillery in 1876, and was aide-de-camp to Sir George Cowie, Governor of North-West Provinces, from 1877 to 1879. From 1880 to 1886 he was adjutant of the Northumberland Artillery Militia. He was promoted lieutenant-colonel June 30, 1895, and commanded the First Division R.F.A. at Woolwich. In 1898 he commanded at Hillsea, and was promoted to the rank of brevet-colonel June 18, 1899. He went out to South Africa January 21, 1900, in command of the 13th Brigade Division R.F.A. He served under General



COLOUR-SERGEANT MACKENZIE
Recommended for a V.C.



THE LATE COLONEL L. J. A. CHAPMAN
Died of enteric at Pretoria



THE LATE CAPTAIN H. W. MASTERMAN
Died of fever at Prieska



THE LATE MR. A. E. ELLIOTT
Died of enteric at Middleburg



THE LATE REV. G. C. BAILEY
Vicar of Dundee, Natal



THE LATE MR. HENRY RUSSELL
The well-known song writer



THE LATE MARY, COUNTESS OF DERBY
Widow of the fifteenth Earl



GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ
Re-elected President of the Mexican Republic

There are many who would not be surprised were the Cabinet to undergo certain important changes shortly before Parliament re-assembles early next year. It is not altogether improbable that Lord Salisbury may be only in Office for a while—that is, until the war in South Africa is ended, and he has guided Lord Lansdowne sufficiently at the Foreign Office. Lord Salisbury has reached an age at which it is necessary that he should have rest, his most ambitious dreams have been more or less realised, and the death of Lady Salisbury has made a serious change in the habits of his life. His mind has many subjects which it likes better to deal with than politics—notably science—and there would be every excuse for his retirement. Those considerations make many believe that Lord Salisbury might resign the Premiership before Parliament re-assembles in the new year, should circumstances enable him to do so, whilst they convince others that the Session of 1900-1901 will be the last which he will attend in an official capacity.

The future of the Duke of Devonshire also provides matter for speculation. It is not long since the Duke publicly referred to the approaching close of his political labours, and many were surprised that his name continues to figure in the list of Ministers. It is known that official life is not greatly to his taste, and he too has reached an age when the community has no great claim upon his services. There are those who contend that the Duke is only continuing in office for a temporary purpose, and that he will retire from public life when that object has been accomplished. This may be said of him, that no man is more respected in English public life than the Duke of Devonshire, for his uprightness of character and his sound judgment are qualities which the entire nation recognises.

General Porfirio Diaz has been re-elected President of the Mexican Republic for another term of four years, from December 1 of the present year. General Diaz is nearly seventy years old, and has governed the country ever since 1875, when he assumed the office as a military dictator. Since 1876 he has been the legally elected President, except for the period from 1880 to 1884. He now enters upon his sixth term of office. General Diaz possesses a remarkable power of organisation, and under his benevolent though decidedly autocratic rule Mexico has made wonderful advance. In the old days of political unrest in Mexico a change in the Government was generally marked by revolution and bloodshed, but when General Diaz assumed power he quickly changed all this, and to-day a Presidential election is merely an episode in the affairs of a prosperous and contented people, and is certainly more quietly carried out than an English Parliamentary election, or a Presidential campaign in the United States.

Colour-Sergeant Mackenzie has been recommended for the Victoria Cross by Sir James Willcocks, for an act of remarkable bravery which averted a disaster to the British force under Lieut.-Colonel Carter during the Ashanti Campaign. It appears that Carter's troops, which had been sent to join hands with Captain Hall at Bekwai, met with considerable opposition at Dompooasi. After two and a half hours' fighting Lieut.-Colonel Carter was severely wounded, and Lieut.-Colonel Wilkinson assumed command. Fighting was continued for some time, but eventually Lieutenant-Colonel Wilkinson, seeing that the gun and Maxims were out of action, that his ammunition was running short, and the enemy's fire did not slacken, determined to retire.

Clements and under General Paget with distinction, and latter was commandant at Pienaar's River Station, where he repulsed the Boers, for which he was mentioned in despatches. Our portrait is by West and Son, Southsea.

Mary Catherine, Countess of Derby, stepmother of the Marquis of Salisbury, had been in very delicate health for a long time. She was the second daughter of George John, fifth Earl De la Warr, and was born in 1824. She was married, in 1847, as his second wife, to James, second Marquess of Salisbury, K.G., the father of the present Prime Minister, by whom she had three sons and two daughters. After the death of Lord Salisbury in 1868, she resided at Holwood Park, Keston, near Bromley, and lived there until her marriage with Edward, fifteenth Earl of Derby, in 1870. The Holwood and Keston estates were subsequently purchased by the late Earl. Lady Derby was left a widow a second time in 1893, and since Lord Derby's death Lady Derby continuously resided at Holwood, where she died.

Civil Surgeon Albert Ernest Elliott, who for twelve months previous to his death had been actively engaged at the front in South Africa, was the youngest son of the late Mr. Thomas Christopher Elliott. He was educated at Cheltenham and Cambridge, and acquired his medical experience at Cambridge and at St. Thomas's Hospital. He was an accomplished surgeon, and rendered conspicuous service with General Buller's army. Dr. Elliott was attached to the 4th Brigade Division of the Royal Artillery, and died of enteric at Middleburg Hospital. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

"Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"

A RECENT CHAT WITH THE LATE HENRY RUSSELL

BY H. SNOWDEN WARD

THE memory of the man who composed and sang "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "To the West, to the West, to the Land of the Free," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and some eight hundred other stirring songs, can never die in England or America, but probably few of those who have heard of him, or whose fathers have told them of his contagious cheerfulness and enthusiasm, imagine that the hearty old singer is still living amongst us. My own early knowledge of him is entirely at second-hand, from my father's tales of the days when the visit of Henry Russell's panorama was one of the great events in the winter season of many a provincial town; when every boy saved his pence for weeks, or begged his parents to subscribe for the special treat; when the moving pictures of a trip to America, and the stirring songs roused the spirit of adventure to the highest possible pitch, and when toward the close of the

some of whose sons or grandsons were amongst our own acquaintance; and it started quite a stream of anecdote and reminiscence. Thurlow Weed's home, Albany, reminded him of his first visit to that city, when strolling on the steamboat wharf (long before the days of the Hudson River Railroad) he saw a raw but aristocratic young Englishman, cumbered with a portmanteau and hand-bag, and vainly calling "Haw, portaw" to the man who lounged about. With a fellow feeling for an Englishman in distress young Russell offered to assist with the portmanteau, and greatly enjoyed the joke when the Britisher evidently took him for a professional porter. The stranger went to the hotel at which Russell was staying, and at the door handed him half a dollar, which was accepted and pocketed. At dinner that night Russell sat opposite the stranger and another Englishman, and heard one remark to the other, "Aw! Beastly democratic country, where the fellow who carries your bag from the pier sits opposite to you at dinner." A little later, Mr. Russell challenged the other to drink a toast with him, and explained that a man who assisted a stranger to carry his burden was not necessarily an inferior.

Of Catlin, the great explorer and painter of the American Indian, Mr. Russell had many tales to tell, and amongst others, one of his own discomfiture. "I was in Chicago," he said "sixty—nay it must be sixty-five years ago. Chicago had then 300 inhabitants.

"Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
And nature ne'er grudges the fruit of the soil,"

had been the means of inspiring many a weary emigrant. Perhaps none of the songs had been sung with more earnestness and even passionate feeling at the time than those attacking slavery, and he believed that they had exercised some influence in moulding public opinion. Of personal favourites, "The Ivy Green" was certainly one, and "A Song for the Oak" was another. "But the greatest success of any, one that swept like wildfire over a continent, and materially helped to secure a Presidential election, was one seldom or never connected with my name," said Mr. Russell. "You have heard of 'Tippy Canoe'?" he asked. "Did you know that I composed it?" (On being assured to the contrary, he said, "I was in Boston during the campaign in 1840, when General Harrison and John Tyler were returned as President and Vice-President. General Harrison had been defeated at the previous election, and the contest was very fierce, the result uncertain. I sat in my hotel, reading a local paper, when I saw the words of the campaign ditty:—

"We've Tippy Canoe and Tyler too,
And with them we will beat little Van, Van, Van.
Oh, Van is a used-up man."

I hummed it over to a North-country (English) air which did not



Mr. Kruger, on his arrival at The Hague, was received with enthusiastic welcome by a large crowd. He drove to the Hotel des Indes, where he was to stay. There he appeared more than once on the balcony

in response to calls from his admirers in the streets, though the roadway in front of the hotel is kept clear. Our photograph is supplied by Messrs. Sanders and Crowhurst, Shaftesbury Avenue

MR. KRUGER AT THE HAGUE: AT A WINDOW OF HIS HOTEL

performance the singer would give the first verse of one of his well-known songs and with a wave of his arm and a "Now, boys, the boys," would set the hall in a roar of melody that quite carried away the audience.

When I met Henry Russell a couple of years ago, in answer to an invitation to his home arising out of my interest in his music to Charles Dickens's "The Ivy Green," a word about those old days brought the fire and the tears to his eyes, and he said, "Yes! if I have done any good thing, it has been in giving some men a brighter look upon life; and in cheering many a sinking heart ere it took its desperate resolve to leave its old homeland and seek a kindlier home o'er the seas."

In the course of conversation Mr. Russell referred to his experiences and friends in America, mentioning, amongst others, the late Thurlow Weed. My wife remarked that she was a granddaughter of that gentleman, whereupon, after a few moments of incredulous surprise, Mr. Russell sprang from his chair crying, "Is it possible that you are related to my dear old friend Thurlow Weed?" And embraced my wife as if she had been a long-lost daughter. This set them talking of many of his friends in America,

Catlin was there, just starting on a journey West. I was in search of melodies, and as he was going amongst a primitive people there was sure prospect of primitive melodies, so I begged to be included in the party. We travelled in a bee-line, for there were no roads. When we came to a river we waded it, if it was not too deep, otherwise we made a raft and ferried it over. At length we came to a tribe that Catlin was seeking, were welcomed, shared the evening meal, and afterwards sat around the camp-fire smoking. This seemed my opportunity. I asked Catlin if he could not get them to sing; he spoke to the chief and the chief assented. Thereupon one of the young braves opened his mouth, uttered a long-drawn, horrible howl, rapidly beating his hand over his mouth to give a tremolo effect. When his breath was exhausted, another took up the howl, and soon they were howling by twos and threes, by half-dozens, until at last the whole circle was one continuous howl. It was awful. I turned to Catlin, saying, 'For God's sake get me out of this.' And since then I have wanted no more primitive Indian melodies."

We asked Mr. Russell which was his favourite amongst all his songs—a question to which it seemed difficult to reply. He could scarcely name one as the favourite. "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," had encouraged many a soldier, sailor, and settler; and "To the West," with its sentiment of the land

quite fit it, but which I gradually adapted. Strolling to the window I saw a great crowd in the square, waiting for a political meeting, and in the impulse of the moment I stood in the window and sang the words in the newspaper to the tune I had arranged. Before the first verse was done the people were crowded round my window, before the song was done they were humming it. At its close they clamoured for a repetition, and before it was finished a second time they sang it as lustily as I did. In a week it was all over the State, a few days more and it was all over the country, and from the day when 'Tippy Canoe' 'caught on' the election was assured."

Many another story of humour or pathos did Henry Russell tell in the afternoon we spent with him, and in spite of his great age he fired with enthusiasm or with indignation as one after another his memories arose. In bidding us good-bye, the cheery veteran of an optimistic creed summed up his reminiscences in a comprehensive "Aye! those were good old days—grand old days. I've had a very happy life." And again, after a pause, "Aye! they were good days; but these are good, too. I'm eighty-six now, and I mean to live another fifteen or twenty years if I can, for I never had a happier time than now."

[The above notes were written at a time when Mr. Russell was in good health and his death was not anticipated.]



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, HIS WIFE, AND STAFF
From a Photograph by Topley, Ottawa

Lord Minto's Tour

FROM A CANADIAN CORRESPONDENT

A TOUR of eighty days, covering an area of ten thousand five hundred miles, and comprising a considerable portion of the British Empire that has hitherto remained unvisited by any representative of the Queen, has largely increased the Earl of Minto's acquaintance with the domain over which he presides as Her Majesty's Viceroy, and has been productive of a memorable outburst of loyal enthusiasm on the part of those who were thus, for the first time, honoured. The Alaskan Gold Fields, the mines



TWO OF THE ESCORT OF THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE

of British Columbia, the prairie of the great North-West, with the original Indian settlers, the plains of Manitoba with the colony of imported Galicians and Donkhoros, the North-West Territories with the settlements of Mormon irrigators, the musk-room mining camps with their log-cabins, the large and flourishing Western cities with their magnificent public buildings—all have been included in this tour, and everywhere have the same feelings of affection for the old country been evinced, and loyal devotion shown to Her Majesty's representative in the Dominion. The Viceregal party, which included His Excellency the Earl of Minto, the Countess of Minto, and three members of the personal staff, Mr. Guise (Comptroller of the Household), Mr. A. Sladen (Private Secretary), and Captain Graham, A.D.C. (Coldstream Guards), were conveyed in a special train, consisting of the Governor-General's private car "Victoria," and two other cars, a Pullman and a baggage van provided by the Canadian Pacific Railway. At most of the chief cities on the westward journey from Ottawa addresses of welcome were received, receptions were held, and visits were paid to the various local public institutions, and at Winnipeg—the scene of an especially loyal demonstration—the party were entertained for some days by the Lieutenant-Governor. Passing through Banff, where the chief

the argonauts, who in earlier days were forced to attempt their passage on the journey to the Klondyke. Here, accompanied by an escort of the North-West Mounted Police, the party embarked on the stern-wheel paddle-boat *Sybil*, kindly lent by the Canadian Development Company, and navigated the dangerous Yukon River.

At Dawson City, a journey of four days down the river, their Excellencies enjoyed a royal reception. The streets were gay with triumphal arches, and despite the fact that the large majority of the population are citizens of the United States and aliens, the whole town united in an enthusiastic demonstration. Their Excellencies, who spent three days at Dawson City, comfortably lodged at the wooden barracks of the North-West Mounted Police, rode out to the various mines of the Klondyke, viewing a "wash-up" of gold on one of the largest claims on Bonanza Creek, and visiting all local points of interest.

Amid the cheers of an enormous and enthusiastic crowd of all classes, creeds and colours, the Viceregal party left Dawson City, and returned to Skagway and Victoria, whence they started on their homeward journey, *via* Vancouver, Westminster, the Kootenay district of British Columbia, Lethbridge in the North-West Territories, with its Blood Reserve of Indians, and Calgary, where the reserves of the Blackfoot and Sarcee tribes were visited. Arrayed in war paint, the Indians celebrated the gala occasion with dancing and feasting, and at a "pow-wow" expressed their loyal devotion to the "Great White Queen." Travelling *via* the big towns of the Great North-West, Prince Albert was reached, and a journey on horseback made to Batoche, the scene of the North-West Rebellion of 1885, when Lord Minto, then Lord Melgund, acted as military secretary to Lord Lansdowne. Bad weather and the state of the trails interfered with the pleasure of a four days' cross-country ride to Qu'Appelle, and after a few days' duck-shooting on Lake Manitoba, the return journey to Ottawa completed a tour that has done not a little to strengthen the ties of devotion to the "Old Country," and extend the popularity of the Governor-General and his wife.



MEMBERS OF AN INDIAN TRIBE VISITED AT CALGARY
From a Photograph by Snider, Calgary

point of interest is the National Park with the few remaining specimens of the otherwise extinct Canadian buffalo, the Rockies were crossed and Vancouver was reached, whence the party proceeded to Victoria, and thence by the Dominion Government steamship *Quadra* to Skagway, the United States port of Alaska. By the wonderful "White Pass and Yukon Railway," which represents one of the chief triumphs of engineering skill, the party proceeded to White Horse, where are situated the famous rapids which have been the occasion of so many fatal accidents to



THE EARL OF MINTO, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA
From a Photograph by Topley, Ottawa

Loot

LOOT is an Indian term for pillage or plunder, having special reference to the spoils of war. Belligerents in modern times usually abstain (so far as is consistent with the exigencies and operations of war) from exercising the right conferred by war of seizing or injuring private property. This custom obtains only so long as not only the owners but also the community to which they belong abstain from attacks of hostility, as it is not unusual for an invader to take or destroy the property of individuals by way of punishment for any injury inflicted by them. In such cases, no doubt, the innocent must necessarily suffer for the guilty. Authorised pillage is only resorted to in the last extremity. When the siege of Peking was raised, and at length the welcome news came to us that the Legations were relieved after a long period of privation bravely borne by the besieged, and of terrible anxiety in Europe, the city was delivered over to the soldiers to loot during the first few days. Happily, this period of licence was not of long duration. The private looting is always a terrible punishment for the defeated, and many strong protests were made at home against its being permitted. The Chinese are a cruel race, and the cold-blooded murderers Europeans no doubt inflamed the troops of the relieving column. Public looting is a different matter, and often merely signifies the forcible levying of means of supporting the invading army, depriving the defeated of the sinews of war. Our special artist's writing of the looting of Peking, says that the loot secured by British troops was collected and sold by auction, the proceeds going to the prize money fund. He also tells us that the British troops were enjoined to respect private houses and the property of non-belligerents. Armchair critics of the conduct of the British troops must not forget the circumstances of the case of Peking.



SPECIMENS OF THE NEARLY EXTINCT BUFFALO IN THE NATIONAL PARK AT BANFF

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.—Messrs. Tom Smith and Co., whose Christmas Crackers are such general favourites, have sent us a large box of their novelties for this season. The crackers vary in subject and design. There is a box of khaki crackers with portraits of prominent generals. The box entitled Wedgwood contains some pretty crackers, and so, too, does the box with Souvenirs of the Paris Exhibition. But by far the prettiest thing in this way that we have yet seen is the Table Decoration Crackers. Of charming design, and in pale pink, they are, in truth, table decorations. So long as Messrs. Tom Smith and Co. produce such artistic crackers they will continue to hold the first place in their own line.

IN our account of the wreck of the ss. *Alexandra* at Scarborough, in our issue of November 24, the name of the lifeboat should have been given as *Queensbury* instead of *Queensberry*.



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED WHITING

are always crowded, people of all nationalities being present. British officers are among the principal buyers. Though prices are fairly high, grand bargains are made sometimes

THE ALLIED TROOPS IN PEKING: AN AUCTION SALE OF LOOT

When the International troops entered Peking, the city was looted by the men, but the respected, and so too was the property of all Chinese known to be friendly. The loot was put up to auction and the proceeds were given to the prize fund for soldiers. The auction sales were not allowed to be indiscriminate. All individual houses were

DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

The Court

WHILE still mourning the loss of two members of the Royal House within the year, the Queen and her family have been keeping the double anniversary of the deaths of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice. According to their annual custom, all the members of the Royal Family now in England joined Her Majesty at Windsor Castle for the services at the Frogmore Mausoleum to-day (Friday). It is just thirty-nine years since the death of the Prince left the Queen a widow, while Princess Alice has been dead twenty-two years. Princess Beatrice came home from Germany in time for the commemoration, having only been away a week. During her absence Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Alice of Albany kept Her Majesty company, the Duchess of Albany having left her daughter behind on a visit to the Queen when she returned home. Further, Princess Christian, with her second daughter, Princess Aribert, came up to the Castle to lunch daily, while Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll arrived on Sunday. Among the other visitors have been Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, with their eldest child, Princess Alice, the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the latter couple fresh from their South African experiences. There have been several diplomatic visitors also, including Sir Frank Lascelles, our Ambassador at Berlin, while the Bishop of Ripon spent Saturday to Monday at the Castle to preach before Her Majesty and the Royal Family on Sunday.

The Princess of Wales's interest in the Hospital Ship which bears her name continues as keen as ever. Each time that the vessel has returned from South Africa with her cargo of invalids, the Princess has gone down to Southampton to welcome them home, and on Monday the Princess paid her third visit, the ship having come back on the previous Saturday. Accompanied by Princess Victoria, and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, the Princess went all over the ship which she now knows so well, greeting the medical and nursing staff as old friends, and with cheery words for the sick and wounded for whom she has done so much. There were 170 invalids on board, nearly all quite convalescent, but one death occurred during the voyage. Then Princess and her daughters came up from Sandringham on purpose for this inspection, the Prince having remained in town since he returned from staying with Lord and Lady Pirbright at Henley Park. The Prince formally took his seat in the House of Lords during an early sitting of the new Parliament, and his other official duties included the attendance at a meeting of the British Museum Trustees. On Monday the Prince went to the opening of the Cattle Show, where he is an exhibitor as well as the Queen and the Duke of York. The Prince and Princess have been busy choosing Christmas presents this week, large quantities being sent to Marlborough House for the Princess's selection, although the Prince and the young Princesses often go themselves to the shops for their purchases. After their visit to the Queen at the end of the week the Prince and Princess return to Marlborough House for a short time, and then go to Sandringham for Christmas. The Prince intends to be in town again early in the New Year, in order to be present at the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's for the success of the British arms in South Africa.

Ireland can no longer complain of neglect from Royalty. With the memory of the Queen's happy visit still fresh, the Irish will now have the opportunity of giving the Prince and Princess of Wales as hearty a welcome when they visit Belfast next spring. The Prince and Princess are expected about April 16 as guests of Lord and Lady Londonderry, at Mount Stewart, and they propose attending the show of the North-East Agricultural Society amongst other functions. Further, the Irish are highly delighted at the interest shown by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught in social and philanthropic matters since they have taken up their quarters at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham. As head of the Church Lads' Brigade in England the Duke was specially pleased at receiving an address of welcome from the Dublin Battalion of the Boys' Brigade.

The Christmas Number of "The Golden Penny"

THE Christmas Number of *The Golden Penny*, which is published this week, consists of a splendid double number of the ordinary issue. The Extra Christmas Supplement contains a ghost story by S. Baring-Gould, entitled "On the Leads." It is a real, thrilling ghost story. A ghost of quite another type is supplied by Guy Louthby in his story, "The Grey Cavalier of Pemberton Hall." "Unto Us a Son is Born" is the title of a tale by Adeline Hall, which deals with the happy return and forgiveness of a runaway son; while Fergus Hume tells a pretty story of Christmas Eve, entitled "The Mistletoe Fairy." Another story is contributed by Charles Edwards, and there are articles on "Magic for Christmas Parties," "In Toyland at Christmas," and other seasonable subjects. The number abounds with pictures, all the stories being illustrated, as well as most of the articles.

Lord Strathcona

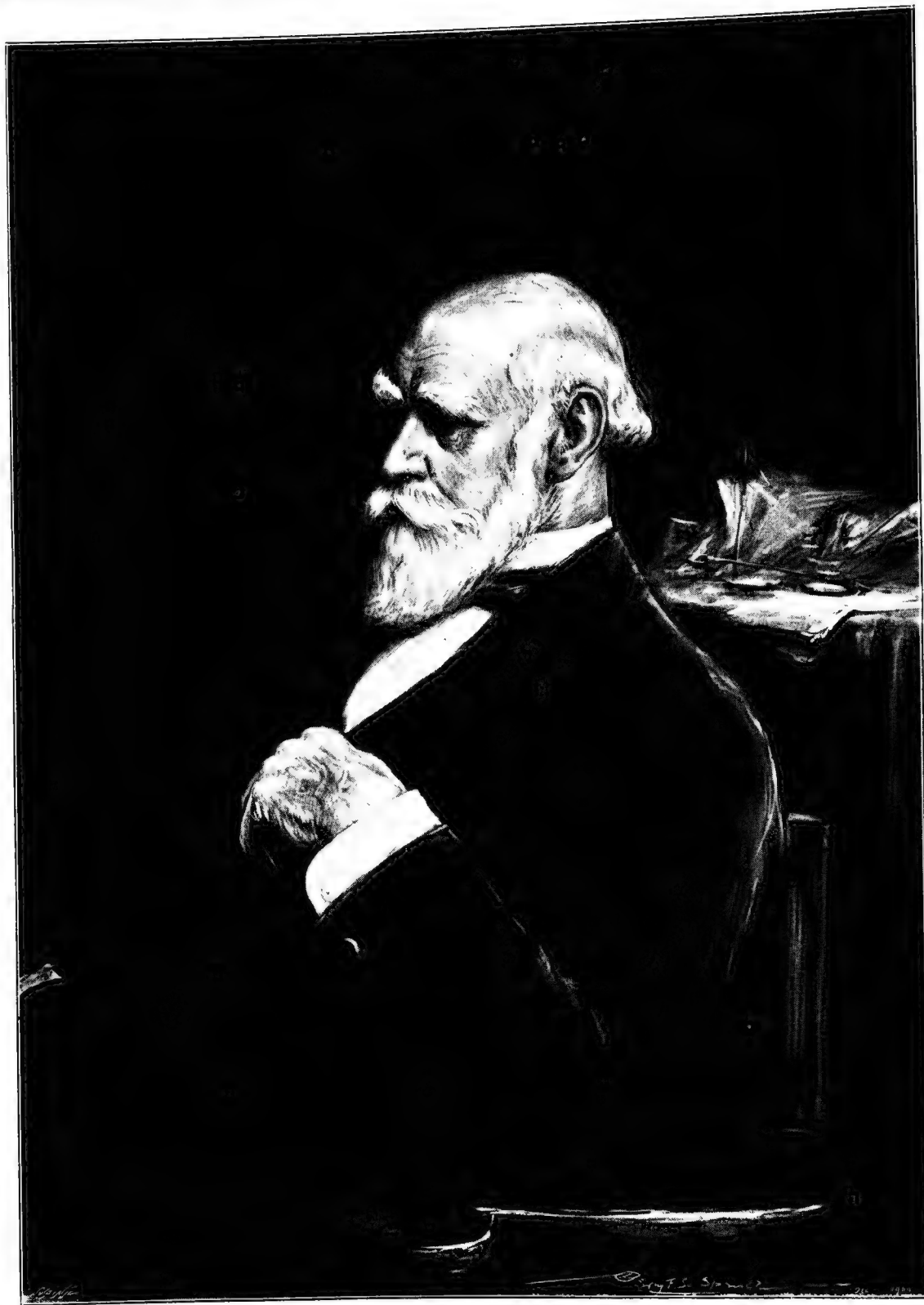
ONE of the most remarkable corps now serving in South Africa is Strathcona's Horse. The story of the regiment is briefly as follows:—Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, the High Commissioner for Canada in this country, early in the year telegraphed to the Canadian Government an offer to raise, equip, and pay a force of mounted rifles for service in South Africa. The offer, which was submitted by Lord Strathcona to the War Office, was accepted on January 12. The corps was recruited entirely in the west of Canada. The men are all familiar with life in the saddle, are expert horsemen and good shots. Many have served in the North-West Mounted Police and Canadian Militia. Colonel S. B. Steele, Superintendent of the Canadian North-West Mounted Police, was appointed to command. The corps when raised numbered in all 28 officers and 572 non-commissioned officers and men. On March 16 the corps embarked amid scenes of unbounded enthusiasm at Halifax. Before the men started a message was received from the Queen wishing them success and a safe return home. The corps did not reach South Africa in time to take part in the more famous battles, but such a body of men could not fail to earn good opinions, and Strathcona's Horse has found plenty of opportunity of showing its value.

The man to whose splendid generosity and loyalty we owe this fine corps, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, has been associated with Canada all his life. Donald Alexander Smith—to give him the name he bore before he was raised to the Peerage—was born in Scotland in 1820. At an early age he entered the Hudson Bay Company's service. In 1869 he was Special Commissioner during the first Riel Rebellion in the Red River Settlements. For some twenty-five years he was a member of the Dominion House of Commons. In 1886 he was created K.C.M.G., and G.C.M.G. in 1896. In the latter year he was appointed High Commissioner for Canada, a post which he still occupies. In 1897 he was raised to the Peerage. He married Isabella Sophia, daughter of Mr. Richard Hardisty, of Canada. There is one child of the marriage, Margaret Charlotte, who is married to Mr. J. Bliss Howard. This year Lord Strathcona received the further dignity that his Peerage should descend to the male heirs of his daughter. Lord Strathcona, who is well known for his philanthropy, gave, with Lord Mountstephen, 200,000*l.*, in 1887, to found the Victoria Hospital at Montreal, and in the Diamond Jubilee Year they gave an additional 200,000*l.* for its perpetual endowment.

"Speak! Speak!"

THIS picture was painted and exhibited in the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1895, and is thus referred to by Mr. M. H. Spielmann in his "Millais and His Works":—"The man—a youth no longer—has been reading through the night the well-worn letters of his lady-love, and at the break of dawn he raises his eyes and beholds her—so material a spirit to his ardent and excited fancy, that he cries to it to speak that he may know the truth—whether it be indeed, or the creature of his tortured imagination. The artist has purposely not made the meaning too clear. When I remarked that I could not tell whether the luminous apparition were a spirit or a woman he was pleased; 'That's just what I want,' he said; 'I don't know either, nor' he added, pointing to the picture, 'does he.' Indeed, thus leaving the final solution uncertain, is in accordance with the principle that has governed all his dramatic pieces. The figure is painted strongly enough to appear a living creature, and shadowy enough to be intended for a ghost. As to the latter species, Millais left the spectator in no sort of doubt when he chose to paint one, as may be seen in his 'Grey Lady.'

"Sir John told me that he had had this picture in his mind for five-and-twenty years, and that not until he took it up at last had he felt disposed to face it. The man was painted from an Italian model, whose throat he much admired; indeed, he gave me to understand that but for the sight of that throat he might never have painted the picture. The scene is the turret-room in Murthly Castle. 'Speak! Speak!' (he altered the title twice—the first suggestion being 'Speak! oh, Speak!' the second, 'Speak!') was purchased for the Chantrey Bequest Collection in 1895 for 2,000*l.*"



LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL
WHO RAISED STRATHCONA'S HORSE FOR SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA
DRAWN AT A SPECIAL SITTING BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

TSAR NICHOLAS is fairly convalescent now, and will, it is hoped, soon be at work again. He can remain up for some hours and walks slowly up and down his room to get what exercise he can. His Majesty is very tired of invalid diet, although he is an excellent patient and follows his physicians' advice in every detail. The Tsar is increasing steadily in strength and weight, but he will have to be very careful for some time to come.

THE Royal Polar explorer, the Duke of the Abruzzi, means to spend the winter preparing for his fresh expedition next year. Profiting by past experience, he is making various alterations in the equipment of his vessel and crew, and he is especially studying balloon construction, as he believes that a suitable airship would be of the greatest possible use in Arctic regions, if it were managed on a less ambitious scale than André's luckless experiment. The Duke took one of the Italian army balloons with him last year, but it was not fit for the purpose, so he hopes to improve on the design.



FROM A SKETCH BY A. COX

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

On Monday morning the Canadians who have been staying in London on their way home from South Africa to their country brought their visit to a close. The departing contingent numbered fifteen officers and 270 of all ranks. Arrived in Liverpool they visited the Town Hall, being everywhere on the route from the station greeted with enthusiasm. The Lord Mayor entertained them at luncheon. After the

luncheon the Canadians visited the Exchange Room, which was thronged with the leading members of Liverpool commercial classes. The men subsequently went on board one of the Elder-Dempster liners, where they were entertained to dinner by the senior partner of the firm. On Wednesday the men left by the *Lake Champlain*. Our illustration shows them on the way from the Town Hall to the Exchange Room

GOOD-BYE TO THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT: FROM THE TOWN HALL TO EXCHANGE NEWS-ROOM IN LIVERPOOL

The Growth of the German Navy

By H. W. WILSON

THE rapid growth of the German Navy is a phenomenon which has of late attracted much attention throughout the world. In the last space of two years we have had two large programmes from Kaiser's Government; and the German *Flottenverein*, founded in imitation of our British Navy League, and exercising extraordinary influence from its enormous membership, and from its hardly veiled connection with the naval authorities, is already hinting in its propagandist pamphlets that even the Navy Bill of 1900 is quite insufficient.

The only way of testing naval progress is by comparison—comparison with the past of the particular navy concerned, and with the development of other navies. If we take the British Navy as a standard, and select as the dates to be compared the end of 1888, when both Powers were entering upon the era of naval expansion, the results will be instructive. At the end of 1888 the German and British fleets stood thus:—

	Britain	Germany
1st Class Battleships ...	14	0
2nd „ „ ...	16	9
3rd „ „ ...	8	5
Coast and Harbour Defence Ships ...	18	12
Armoured cruisers ...	18	3
Cruisers (Steel and Modern) ...	36	8

For the classification of the ships, on which a good deal depends, Brassey's Annual of the year 1888-9, has been generally followed in the case of England, and the German ships have been grouped on the same system. At that date Germany had no really seagoing battleships.

We turn now to the actual position of the two Powers in 1900, reckoning here only ships which are actually built and building, and excluding the ships projected in England, which are now not likely to be begun much before early 1901. The fleets stand:—

	Britain	Germany
1st Class Battleships ...	36	14
2nd „ „ ...	11	0

	Britain	Germany
3rd Class Battleships ...	12	15
Coast and Harbour Defence ...	21	11
Armoured Cruisers ...	29	3
Cruisers ...	122	22
Destroyers ...	113	18

Allowing for the enormous power of the 1st class battleship it will be seen that Germany has slightly improved her position, though the gain is not as yet very decided. Moreover, her so-called 3rd class battleships are all vessels which have been reconstructed and refitted throughout, where they are not of modern design. The *Siegfried* class of small battleships, for example, vessels which are heavily armed, are being lengthened by 23 ft. and otherwise improved. In England little work has been done upon our old ships, many of which are in no condition for work at sea in war. In cruisers and torpedo craft we may be said to have gained upon Germany since 1888, as the Germans have nothing to compare with our magnificent fleet of destroyers.

But it is not so much what the German Navy is to-day as what in it is intended to be in the near future that must engage our attention.

The construction of a great fleet is a slow process, especially in a country where the shipbuilding industry has to be developed before extensive programmes can be executed. It was impossible for the German Admiralty, without placing large orders abroad—a course which would never be sanctioned by German public opinion—suddenly to expand their fleet. Not only have officers and men to fight the new ships to be trained—a fact which in the past our naval authorities have too often forgotten—but the dockyards must be enlarged and extended if the increased fleet is to be kept in good order. Vast works are now in progress at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. At the former place the greater part of the village of Ellerbeck is being demolished to make way for new basins, docks and store-houses, so that the new navy will scarcely be troubled, as is our fleet, with want of proper port accommodation at home.

The two German programmes of recent years were that introduced in 1898 and sanctioned by the Reichstag under the Sexennate, and the extended proposals of the present year. The programme of 1898 was to be completed by 1904; that of 1900 by 1920. It is characteristic of Germany that she does not hurry herself, though, undoubtedly, if the resources of the country permit—and permit they will—the programme will be accelerated and extended. But careful, methodical and scientific preparation, never hurrying and never delaying, has always marked German military and naval policy. In the years 1860-1870, when Prussia was building up her magnificent army, she went to work in precisely the same way. Fixity of purpose is behind all German schemes. We give side by side the standards laid down in 1898 and 1900, that it may be seen how great these schemes are:—

	Battleships	Coast def. ships	Large cruisers	Small cruisers
1898, to be completed by 1904 ...	20	8	12	29
1900, to be completed by 1920 ...	39	0	20	42

The eight coast defence ships of the *Siegfried* class are to vanish and not be replaced. But all other ships are to be replaced—battleships twenty-five years from the date of commencement, large cruisers twenty years and small cruisers fifteen years, though for the immediate future the construction of “ersatz” or “substitute” battleships is not to be pressed. The Reichstag cut down the 1900 programme by six large and seven small cruisers, which should be deducted from the figures above. But ultimately the Kaiser and his Admiralty will get what they want. Each year from 1901 to 1905 two first-class battleships are to be laid down. And here it may be of interest to place side by side the battle-ships laid down in England and Germany during the last five years, as a test of the two countries’ progress:—

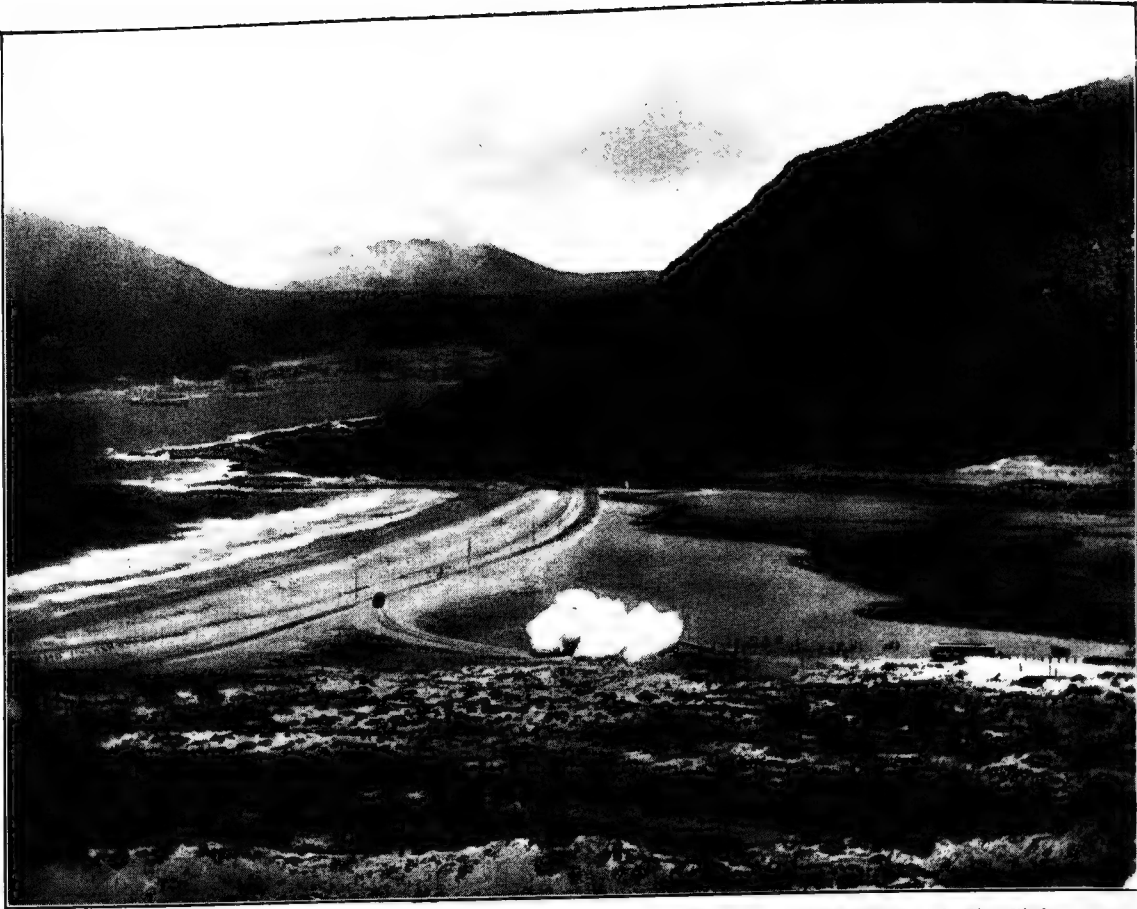
	1900	1899	1898	1897	1896	Total
England ...	2	2	7	4	5	20
Germany ...	2	3	2	1	1	9

The German navy estimates have risen rapidly of late years. In 1873 they were only 1,300,000*l.*; in 1889 2,500,000*l.*; in 1898 5,756,000*l.*, and in 1900 7,462,000*l.* Our figures were in 1873 10,558,000*l.*; in 1889 13,685,000*l.*, and in 1900, with the supplemen-

tary estimate, 28,770,000*l.* German opinion confidently assumes that we have reached or neared the tether of our financial resources, and looks forward to an increased outlay on the Army in England and to a diminished or stationary outlay upon the Army in Germany. It may be right or wrong, but its contention is at least plausible. It is further held, and the view finds support in the delays which have marked the completion of our recent warships, that the

engineering resources of England are already tasked to the utmost, and that German construction should gain upon us in the near future.

To the personnel of the German Navy the greatest attention is being given. In 1900 it stands at 29,757 officers and men, with a trained reserve at least equal in number. In the next twenty years it is to be increased by 35,551 officers and men.



This gun is a fortress gun, from Craig's Battery, Cape Town, which was mounted on a railway truck, specially built at Salt River Works, at a cost of 4,000*l.* Our photograph is by Mrs. Elise Watts

TESTING THE MOUNTINGS OF A 9.2 GUN AT ELSIE'S BAY, NEAR SIMONSTOWN



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

The mines at Kimberley, which furnished such capital bomb-proof shelters during the siege, are now in working order again. It is not often that a lady cares to inspect them. A lady who has been

visiting South Africa, determined to miss nothing. Getting herself up in workmanlike costume, she was taken over the mines by the manager

THE RE-OPENING OF THE MINES AT KIMBERLEY: A LADY VISITOR ABOUT TO DESCEND A SHAFT



"The monk bowed, and producing several folios of manuscript, laid them on the table, together with an ink-horn and a pen. 'Very well. And now, my young friend, be so good as to sign there, at the foot of the writing'"

LYSBETH

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A TALE OF THE DUTCH

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by G. P. JACOMB-HOOD, R.I.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(continued)



ADRIAN woke up that morning in an ill mood. He had, it is true, administered his love-potion with singular dexterity and success, but as yet he reaped no fruit from his labours, and was desperately afraid lest the effect of the magic draught might wear off. When he came downstairs it was to find that Foy and

Martin were already departed to the factory, and that his stepfather had gone out, whither he knew not. This was so much to the good, for it left the coast clear. Still he was none the better off since either his mother and Elsa had taken their breakfast upstairs, or they had dispensed with that meal. His mother he could spare, especially after her recent contact with a plague patient, but under the circumstance Elsa's absence was annoying. Moreover, suddenly the house had become uncomfortable, for every one in it seemed

to be running about carrying articles hither and thither in a fashion so aimless that it struck him as little short of insane. Once or twice also he saw Elsa, but she, too, was carrying things, and had no time for conversation.

At length Adrian wearied of it and departed to the factory with the view of making up his books, which, to tell the truth, had been somewhat neglected of late, to find that here, too, the same confusion reigned. Instead of attending to his ordinary work, Martin was marching to and fro bearing choice pieces of brassware, which were being packed into crates, and he noticed, for Adrian was an observant young man, that he was not wearing his usual artisan's dress. Why, he wondered to himself, should Martin walk about a factory upon a summer's day clad in his armour of quilted bull's hide, and wearing his great sword Silence strapped round his middle? Why, too, should Foy have removed the books and be engaged in going through them with a clerk? Was he auditing them? If so, he wished him joy of the job, since to bring them to a satisfactory balance had proved recently quite beyond his own powers. Not that there was anything wrong with the books, for he, Adrian, had kept them quite honestly according to his very imperfect lights, only things must have been left out, for balance they would not. Well, on the whole, he was glad, since a man filled with lover's hopes and fears was in no mood for arithmetical exercises, so, after hanging about for a while, he returned home to dinner.

The meal was late, an unusual occurrence, which annoyed him;

moreover, neither his mother nor his stepfather appeared at table. At length Elsa came in, looking pale and worried, and they began to eat, or rather to go through the form of eating, since neither of them seemed to have any appetite. Nor, as the servant was continually in the room, and as Elsa took her place at one end of the long table while he was at the other, had their *tête-à-tête* any of the usual advantages.

At last the waiting-woman went away, and, after a few moments' pause, Elsa rose to follow. By this time Adrian was desperate. He would bear it no more, things must be brought to a head.

"Elsa," he said, in an irritated voice, "everything seems to be very uncomfortable to-day, there is so much disturbance in the house that one might imagine we were going to shut it up and leave Leyden."

Elsa looked at him out of the corners of her eyes; probably by this time she had learnt the real cause of the disturbance.

"I am sorry, Heer Adrian," she said, "but your mother is not very well this morning."

"Indeed; I only hope she hasn't caught the plague from that Janssen woman; but that doesn't account for everybody running about with their hands full like ants in a broken nest, especially as it is not the time of year when women turn all the furniture upside down and throw the curtains out of the windows in the pretence that they are cleaning them. However, we are quiet here for a while, so let us talk."

Elsa became suspicious. "Your mother wants me, Heer Adrian," she said, turning towards the door.

"Let her rest, Elsa, let her rest; there is no medicine like sleep for the sick."

Elsa pretended not to hear him, so as she still headed for the door, by a movement too active to be dignified, he placed himself in front of it, adding, "I have said that I want to speak with you."

"And I have said that I am busy, Heer Adrian, so please let me pass."

Adrian remained immovable. "Not until I have spoken to you," he said.

Now as escape was impossible Elsa drew herself up and asked in a cold voice:

"What is your pleasure? I pray you be brief."

Adrian cleared his throat, reflecting that she was keeping the workings of the love-potion under wonderful control; indeed to look at her no one could have guessed that she had recently absorbed this magic Eastern medicine. However, something must be done; he had gone too far to draw back.

"Elsa," he said boldly, though no hare could have been more frightened, "Elsa," and he clasped his hands, and looked at the ceiling, "I love you and the time has come to say so."

"If I remember right it came some time ago, Heer Adrian," she replied with sarcasm. "I thought that by now you had forgotten all about it."

"Forgotten!" he sighed, "forgotten! With you ever before my eyes how can I forget?"

"I am sure I cannot say," she answered, "but I know that I wish to forget this folly."

"Folly! She calls it folly!" he mused aloud. "Oh, heaven, folly is the name she gives to the life-long adoration of my bleeding heart."

"You have known me exactly five weeks, Heer Adrian—"

"Which, sweet lady, makes me desire to know you for fifty years."

Elsa sighed, for she found the prospect dreary.

"Come," he went on with a gush, "forego this virgin coyness, you have done enough and more than enough for honour, now throw aside pretence, lay down your arms and yield. No hour, I swear, of this long fight will be so happy to you as that of your sweet surrender, for remember, dear one, that I, your conqueror, am in truth the conquered. I, abandoning—"

He got no further, for at this point the sorely tried Elsa lost control of herself, but not in the fashion which he hoped for and expected.

"Are you crazed, Heer Adrian," she asked, "that you should insist thus in pouring this high-flown nonsense into my ears when I have told you that it is unwelcome to me? I understand that you ask me for my love. Well, once for all I tell you that I have none to give."

This was a blow, since it was impossible for Adrian to put a favourable construction upon language so painfully straightforward. His self-conceit was pierced at last and collapsed like a pricked bladder.

"None to give!" he gasped, "none to give! You don't mean to tell me that you have given it to anybody else?"

"Yes, I do," she answered, for by now Elsa was thoroughly angry.

"Indeed," he replied loftily. "Let me see; last time it was your lamented father who occupied you heart. Perhaps now it is that excellent giant, Martin, or even—no, it is too absurd"—and he laughed in his jealous rage—"even the family buffoon, my worthy brother Foy."

"Yes," she replied quietly, "it is Foy."

"Foy! Foy! Hear he, ye gods! My successful rival, mine, is the yellow-headed, muddy-brained, unlettered Foy! And they say that women have souls! Of your courtesy, answer me one question. Tell me when did this strange and monstrous thing happen? When did you declare yourself vanquished by the surpassing charms of Foy?"

"Yesterday afternoon, if you want to know," she said in the same calm and ominous voice.

Adrian heard, and an inspiration took him. He dashed his hand to his brow and thought a moment; then he laughed loud and shrilly.

"I have it," he said. "It is the love-charm which has worked perversely. Elsa, you are under a spell, poor woman; you do not know the truth. I gave you the philtre in your drinking water, and Foy, the traitor Foy, has reaped its fruits. Dear girl, shake yourself free from this delusion. It is I whom you really love, not that base thief of hearts, my brother Foy."

"What do you say? You gave me a philtre? You dared to doctor my drink with your heathen nastiness? Out of the way, sir! Stand off, and never venture to speak to me again. Well will it be for you if I do not tell your brother of your infamy."

What happened after this Adrian could never quite remember, but a vision remained of himself crouching to one side, and of a door flung back so violently that it threw him against the wall, a vision, too, of a lady sweeping past him with blazing eyes and lips set in scorn. That was all.

For a while he was crushed, quite crushed, for the blow had gone home. Adrian was not only a fool, he was also the vainest of fools. That any young woman on whom he chose to smile should actually reject his advances was bad and unexpected; that she should do so in favour of another man was worse; but that the other man should be Foy—oh! this was infamous and inexplicable. He was handsomer than Foy; no one would dream of denying it. He was cleverer and better read. Had he not mastered the contents of every known romance—high-souled works which Foy openly declared were rubbish and refused even to open? Was he not a poet? But remembering a certain sonnet he did not follow this comparison. In short, how was it conceivable that a woman looking upon himself, a very type of the chivalry of Spain, silver-tongued, a follower—nay, a companion of the Muses, one to whom in every previous adventure of the heart to love had been to conquer, could still prefer that broad-faced, painfully commonplace, if worthy, young representative of the Dutch middle classes, Foy van Goorl?

It never occurred to Adrian to ask himself another question, namely, how it comes about that eight young women out of ten are endowed with an intelligence or instinct sufficiently keen to enable

them to discriminate between an empty-headed popinjay of a man, intoxicated with the fumes of his own vanity, and an honest young fellow of stable character and sterling worth? Not that Adrian was altogether empty-headed, for in some ways he was clever; also his mother had given a certain ballast and determination to his nature. Thus, when his heart was thoroughly set upon a thing, he could be very dogged and patient. Now it was set upon Elsa Brant, he did truly desire to win her above any other woman, and that he had left a different impression upon her mind was owing solely to the affected air and grandiloquent style of language culled from his precious romances which he thought it right to assume when addressing a lady upon matters of the affections.

For a little while he was prostrate, his heart seemed swept clean of all hope and feeling. Then his furious temper, the failing that, above every other, was his curse and bane, came to his aid and occupied it like the seven other devils of Scripture, bringing in its train his re-awakened vanity, hatred, jealousy, and other maddening passions. It could not be true, there must be an explanation, and, of course, the explanation was that Foy had been so fortunate, or so cunning as to make advances to Elsa soon after she had swallowed the love-philtre. Adrian, like most people in his day, was very superstitious and credulous. It never even occurred to him to doubt the almost universally accepted power and efficacy of this witch's medicine, though even now he understood what a fool he was when, in his first outburst of rage, he told Elsa that he had trusted to such means to win her affections, instead of letting his own virtues and graces do their natural work.

Well, the mischief was done, the poison was swallowed, but—most poisons have their antidotes. Why was he lingering here? He must consult his friend, the Master, and at once.

Ten minutes later Adrian was at Black Meg's house.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FRAY IN THE SHOT-TOWER

THE door was opened by Hague Simon, the bald-headed, great-paunched villain who lived with Black Meg. In answer to Adrian's anxious inquiries he said, searching his face with his pig-like eyes the while, that he could not tell for certain whether his wife was or was not at home. He rather thought that she was consulting the spirits with the Master, but they might have passed out without his knowing it, "for they had great gifts—great gifts," and he wagged his fat head as he showed Adrian into the accustomed room.

It was an uncomfortable kind of chamber which, in some unexplained way, always gave Adrian the impression that people, or presences, were stirring in it whom he could not see. Also in this place there happened odd and unaccountable noises; creakings, and sighings which seemed to proceed from the walls and ceiling. However, such things were to be expected in a house where sojourned one of the great magicians of the day. Still he was not altogether sorry when the door opened and Black Meg entered, although some might have preferred the society of almost any ghost.

"What is it, that you disturb me at such an hour?" she asked sharply.

"What is it? What isn't it?" Adrian replied, his rage rising at the thought of his injuries. "That cursed philtre of yours has worked all wrong, that's what it is. Another man has got the benefit of it, don't you understand, you old hag? And, by Heaven! I believe he means to abduct her, yes, that's the meaning of all the packing and fuss, blind fool that I was not to guess it before. The Master—I will see the Master. He must give me an antidote, another medicine—"

"You certainly look as though you want it," interrupted Black Meg drily. "Well, I doubt whether you can see him; it is not his hour for receiving visitors; moreover, I don't think he's here, so I shall have to signal for him."

"I must see him. I will see him," shouted Adrian.

"I daresay," replied Black Meg, squinting significantly at his pocket.

Enraged as he was Adrian took the hint.

"Woman, you seek gold," he said, quoting involuntarily from the last romance he had read, and presenting her with a handful of small silver, which was all he had.

Meg took the silver with a sniff, on the principle that something is better than nothing, and departed gloomily. Then followed more mysterious noises; voices whispered, doors opened and shut, furniture creaked, after which came a period of exasperating and rather disagreeable silence. Adrian turned his face to the wall, for the only window in the room was so far above his head that he was unable to look out of it; indeed, it was more of a skylight than a window. Thus he remained a while gnawing at the ends of his moustache and cursing his fortune, till presently he felt a hand upon his shoulder.

"Who the devil is that?" he exclaimed, wheeling round to find himself face to face with the draped and majestic form of the Master.

"The devil! That is an ill word upon young lips, my friend," said the Sage, shaking his head in reproof.

"I daresay," replied Adrian, "but what the—I mean how did you get here? I never heard the door open."

"How did I get here? Well, now you mention it, I wonder how I did. The door—what have I to do with doors?"

"I am sure I don't know," answered Adrian shortly, "but most people find them useful."

"Enough of such material talk," interrupted the Sage with sternness. "Your spirit cried to mine, and I am here, let that suffice."

"I suppose that Black Meg fetched you," went on Adrian, sticking to his point, for the philtre fiasco had made him suspicious.

"Verily, friend Adrian, you can suppose what you will; and now, as I have little time to spare, be so good as to set out the matter. Nay, what need, I know all, for have I not—is this the case? You administered the philtre to the maid and neglected my instructions to offer yourself to her at once. Another saw it and took advantage of the magic draught. While the spell was on her he proposed, he was accepted—yes, your brother Foy. Oh! fool, careless fool, what else did you expect?"

"At any rate I didn't expect that," replied Adrian in a faint voice. "And now, if you have all the power you pretend, tell me what am to do."

Something glinted ominously beneath the hood, it was the Sage's one eye.

"Young friend," he said, "your manner is brusque, yes, rude. But I understand and I forgive. Come, we will take counsel together. Tell me what has happened."

Adrian told him with much emphasis, and the recital of his ventures seemed to move the Master deeply, at any rate he turned away, hiding his face in his hands, while his back trembled with intensity of his feelings.

"The matter is grave," he said solemnly, when at length the sick and angry swain had finished. "There is but one thing to do. Your treacherous rival—ah! what fraud and deceit are hidden beneath that homely countenance—has been well advised, by what I know not, though I suspect one, a certain practitioner of the Magic, named Arentz—"

"Ah!" ejaculated Adrian.

"I see you know the man—of course, we spoke of him the day. Beware of him. He is indeed a wolf in sheep's clothing, wraps his devilish incantations in a cloak of seditious darkness. Well, I have thwarted him before, for can Darkness stand against Light? and, by the help of those who aid me, I may thwart him again. Now, attend and answer my questions clearly, and truthfully. If the girl is to be saved to you, mark this, friend, your cunning rival must be removed from Leyden while until the charm works out its power."

"You don't mean—"

"No, no. I mean the man no harm. I mean only that he must take a journey, which he will do fast enough, when he learns his witchcrafts and other crimes are known. Now answer, or I will end, for I have more business to attend to than the love-magic of a fool—of a headstrong youth. First: What you have told me of the attendances of Dirk van Goorl, your stepfather, and of his household, namely, Red Martin and your half-brother, the tabernacle of your enemy, the wizard Arentz, is true, is it not?"

"Yes," answered Adrian, "but I do not see what that has to do with the matter."

"Silence!" thundered the Master. Then he paused a while. Adrian seemed to hear certain strange squeakings proceeding from the walls. The Sage remained lost in thought till the squeakings ceased. Again he spoke:

"What you have told me of the part played by the said Martin, and the said Martin as to their sailing away with the treasure of the dead heretic, Hendrik Brant, and of the murders committed by them in the course of its hiding in the Haarlem Meer, is true, is it not?"

"Of course it is," answered Adrian, "but—"

"Silence!" again thundered the Sage, "or by my Lord Zoroaster, I throw up the case."

Adrian collapsed, and there was another pause.

"You believe," he went on again, "that the said Foy and the said Dirk van Goorl, together with the said Martin, are making preparations to abduct that innocent and unhappy maid, the heiress, Elsa Brant, for evil purposes of their own?"

"I never told you so," said Adrian, "but I think it is a fact at least there is a lot of packing going on."

"You never told me! Do you not understand that there is no need for you to tell me anything?"

"Then, in the name of your Lord Zoroaster, why do you ask me to exclaim the exasperated Adrian."

"That you will know presently," he answered musing. Once more Adrian heard the strange squeaking as of of a hundred hungry rats.

"I think that I will not take up your time any more," he said, growing thoroughly alarmed, for really the proceedings were a little odd, and he rose to go.

The Master made no answer, only, which was curious conduct for a sage, he began to whistle a tune.

"By your leave," said Adrian, for his back was against the wall. "I have business—"

"And so have I," said the Sage, and went on whistling.

Then suddenly one of the side walls seemed to fall out, through the opening emerged a man wearing a priest's robe, after him, Hague Simon, Black Meg, and another particularly evil-looking fellow.

"Got it all down?" asked the Master in an easy, everyday tone of voice.

The monk bowed, and producing several folios of manuscript laid them on the table together with an ink-horn and a pen.

"Very well. And now, my young friend, be so good as to sit there, at the foot of the writing."

"Sign what?" gasped Adrian.

"Explain to him," said the Master. "He is quite right; he should know what he puts his name to."

Then the monk spoke in a low, business-like voice.

"This is the information of Adrian, called Van Goorl, as given down from his own lips, wherein, among other things, he declares certain crimes of heresy, murder of the king's subjects, and attempted escape from the king's dominions, committed by his stepfather, van Goorl, his half-brother, Foy van Goorl, and their servant, Frisian known as Red Martin. Shall I read the papers? It will take some time."

"If the witness so desires," said the Master.

"What is that document for?" whispered Adrian in a faint voice.

"To persuade your treacherous rival, Foy van Goorl, that it is desirable in the interests of his health that he should retire to Leyden for a while," sneered his late mentor, while the Butcher Black Meg sniggered audibly. Only the monk stood silent, like a black watching fate.

"I'll not sign!" shouted Adrian. "I have been tricked! This is treachery!" and he bent forward to spring for the door.

Ramiro made a sign, and in another instant the Butcher's hands were about his throat, and his thick thumbs were driven viciously at the victim's windpipe. Still Adrian kicked and struggled, whereon, at a second sign, the villainous-looking fellow drew a great knife and, coming up to him, pricked him gently on the nose.

Then Ramiro spoke to him very suavely and quietly.

"Young friend," he said, "where is that faith in me which you promised, and why, when I wish you to sign this quite harmless writing, do you so violently refuse?"

"Because I won't betray my stepfather and brother," gasped Adrian. "I know why you want my signature," and he looked at the man in a priest's robe.

"You won't betray them," sneered Ramiro. "Why, you young fool, you have already betrayed them fifty times over, and what is more, when you don't seem to remember, you have betrayed yourself. Now look here. If you choose to sign that paper, or if you don't choose, makes little difference to me, for, dear pupil, I would almost as soon have your evidence by word of mouth."

"I may be a fool," said Adrian, turning sullen; "yes, I see now that I have been a fool to trust in you and your sham arts, but I am not fool enough to give evidence against my own people in any of your courts. What I have said I said never thinking that it would do them harm."

"Not caring whether it would do them harm or no" corrected Ramiro, "as you had your own object to gain—the young lady whom, by the way, you were quite ready to doctor with a love medicine."

"Because love blinded me," said Adrian.

Ramiro put his hand upon his shoulder and shook him slightly as he answered:

"And has it not struck you, you vain puppy, that other things may blind you also—hot irons, for instance?"

"What do you mean?" gasped Adrian.

"I mean that the rack is a wonderful persuader. Oh! it makes the most silent talk and the most solemn sing. Now take your choice. Will you sign or will you go to the torture-chamber?"

"What right have you to question me?" asked Adrian, striving to build up his tottering courage with bold words.

"Just this right—that I to whom you speak am the Captain and Governor of the Gevangenhuys in this town, an official who has certain powers."

Adrian turned pale but said nothing.

"Our young friend has gone to sleep," remarked Ramiro, reflectively. "Here you, Simon, twist his arm a little. No, not the right arm; he may want that to sign with, which will be awkward if it is out of joint; the other."

With an ugly grin the Butcher, taking his fingers from Adrian's throat, gripped his left wrist, and very slowly and deliberately began to screw it round.

Adrian groaned.

"Painful, isn't it?" said Ramiro. "Well, I have no more time to waste. Break his arm."

Then Adrian gave in, for he was not fitted to bear torture; his imagination was too lively.

"I will sign," he whispered, the perspiration pouring from his pale face.

"Are you quite sure you do it willingly?" queried his tormentor, adding, "Another little half-turn, please, Simon; and you, Mistress Meg, if he begins to faint, just prick him in the thigh with your knife."

"Yes, yes," groaned Adrian.

"Very good. Now here is the pen. Sign."

So Adrian signed.

"I congratulate you upon your discretion, pupil," remarked Ramiro, as he scattered sand on the writing and pocketed the paper. "To-day you have learned a most useful lesson which life teaches to most of us, namely, that the inevitable must rule our little fancies. Let us see; I think that by now the soldiers will have executed their task, so, as you have done what I wished, you can go, for I shall know where to find you if I want you. But, if you will take my advice, which I offer as that of one friend to another, you will hold your tongue about the events of this afternoon. Unless you speak of it, nobody need ever know that you have furnished certain useful information, for in the Gevangenhuys the names of witnesses are not mentioned to the accused. Otherwise you may possibly come into trouble with your heretical friends and relatives. Good afternoon. Butcher, be so good as to open the door for this gentleman."

A minute later Adrian found himself in the street towards which he had been helped by the kick of a heavy boot. His first impulse was to run, and he ran for half a mile or more without stopping, till at length he paused breathless in a deserted street, and, leaning against the wheel of an unharnessed waggon, tried to think. Think! How could he think? His mind was one mad whirl; rage, shame, disappointed passion, all boiled in it like bones in a knacker's caldron. He had been fooled, he had lost his love, and, oh! infamy, he had betrayed his kindred to the hell of the Inquisition. They would be tortured and burnt. Yes, even his mother and Elsa might be burned, since those devils respected neither age nor sex, and their blood would be upon his head. It was true that he had signed under compulsion, but who would believe that, for had they not taken down his talk word for word? For once Adrian saw himself as he was; the cloaks of vanity and self-love were stripped from his soul, and he knew what others would think when they came to learn the story. He thought of suicide; there was water, here was steel, the deed would not be difficult. No, he could not; it was too horrible. Moreover, how dared he enter the other world so unprepared, so steeped in every sort of evil? What, then, could he do to save his character and those whom his folly had betrayed? He looked round him; yonder, not three hundred yards away, rose the tall chimney of the factory. Perhaps there was yet time; perhaps he could still warn Foy and Martin of the fate which awaited them.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, Adrian started forward, running like a hare. As he approached the buildings he saw that the workmen had left, for the big doors were shut. He raced round to the small entrance; it was open—he was through it, and figures were moving in the office. God be praised! They were Foy and Martin. To them he sped, a white-faced creature with gaping mouth and staring eyes, to look at more like a ghost than a human being.

Martin and Foy saw him and shrank back. Could this be Adrian, they thought, or was it an evil vision?

"Fly!" he gasped. "Hide yourselves! The officers of the Inquisition are after you!" Then another thought struck him, and he stammered, "My father and mother. I must warn them!" and

before they could speak he had turned and was gone, as he went crying, "Fly! Fly!"

Foy stood astonished till Martin struck him on the shoulder, and said roughly:

"Come, let us get out of this. Either he is mad, or he knows something. Have you your sword and dagger? Quick, then."

They passed through the door, which Martin paused to lock, and into the courtyard. Foy reached the gate first, and looked through its open bars. Then very deliberately he shot the bolts and turned the great key.

"Are you brain-sick," asked Martin, "that you lock the gate on us?"

"I think not," replied Foy, as he came back to him. "It is too late to escape. Soldiers are marching down the street." Martin ran and looked through the bars. It was true enough. There they came, fifty men or more, a whole company, heading straight for the factory, which it was thought might be garrisoned for defence.

"Now I can see no help but to fight for it," Martin said cheerfully, as he hid the keys in the bucket of the well, which he let run down to the water.

"What can two men do against fifty?" asked Foy, lifting his steel-lined cap to scratch his head.

"Not much, still, with good luck, something. At least, as nothing but a cat can climb the walls, and the gateway is stopped, I think we may as well die fighting as in the torture-chamber of the Gevangenhuys."

"I think so too," answered Foy, taking courage. "Now how can we hurt them most before they quiet us?"

Martin looked round reflectively. In the centre of the courtyard stood a building not unlike a pigeon-house, or the shelter that is sometimes set up in the middle of a market beneath which merchants gather. In fact it was a shot-tower, where leaden bullets of different sizes were cast, for this was part of the trade of the foundry, and dropped through an opening in the floor into a shallow tank below to cool.

"That would be a good place to hold," he said; "and crossbows hang upon the walls."

Foy nodded, and they ran to the tower, but not without being seen, for as they set foot upon its stair, the officer of the soldiers called upon them to surrender in the name of the King. They made no answer, and as they passed through the doorway, a bullet from an arquebuse struck its woodwork.

The shot-tower stood upon oaken piles, and the chamber above, which was round, and about twenty feet in diameter, was reached by a broad ladder of fifteen steps, such as is often used in stables. This ladder ended in a little landing of about six feet square, and to the left of the landing opened the door of the chamber where the shot were cast. They went up into this place.

"What shall we do now?" said Foy—"barriade the door?"

"I can see no use in that," answered Martin, "for then they would batter it down, or perhaps burn a way through it. No; let us take it off its hinges and lay it on blocks about eight inches high, so that they may catch their shins against it when they try to rush us."

"A good notion," said Foy, and they lifted off the narrow oaken door and propped it up on four moulds of metal across the threshold, weighting it with other moulds. Also they strewed the floor of the landing with three-pound shot, so that men in a hurry might step on them and fall. Another thing they did, and this was Foy's notion. At the end of the chamber were the iron baths in which the lead was melted, and beneath them furnaces ready laid for the next day's founding. These Foy set alight, pulling out the dampers to make them burn quickly, and so melt the leaden bars which lay in the troughs.

"They may come underneath," he said, pointing to the trap through which the hot shot were dropped into the tank, "and then molten lead will be useful."

Martin smiled and nodded. Then he took down a crossbow from the walls—for in those days, when every dwelling and warehouse might have to be used as a place of defence, it was common to keep a good store of weapons hung somewhere ready to hand—and went to the narrow window which overlooked the gate.

"As I thought," he said. "They can't get in and don't like the look of the iron spikes, so they are fetching a smith to burst it open. We must wait."

Very soon Foy began to fidget, for this waiting to be butchered by an overwhelming force told upon his nerves. He thought of Elsa and his parents, whom he would never see again; he thought of death and all the terrors and wonders that might lie beyond it; death whose depths he must so soon explore. He had looked to his crossbow, had tested the string and laid a good store of quarrels on the floor beside him; he had taken a pike from the walls and seen to its shaft and point; he had stirred the fires beneath the leaden bars till they roared in the sharp draught.

"Is there nothing more to do?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Martin, "we might say our prayers; they will be the last," and, suiting his action to the word, the great man knelt down, an example which Foy followed.

"Do you speak," said Foy, "I can't think of anything."

So Martin began a prayer which is perhaps worthy of record:—

"O Lord," he said, "forgive me all my sins, which are too many to count, or at least I haven't the time to try, and especially for cutting off the head of the executioner with his own sword, although I had no death quarrel against him, and for killing a Spaniard in a boxing match. O Lord, I thank you very much because you have arranged for us to die fighting instead of being tortured and burnt in the gaol, and I pray that we may be able to kill enough Spaniards first to make them remember us for years to come. O Lord, protect my dear master and mistress, and let the former learn that we have made an end of which he would approve, but if may be, hide it from the Pastor Arentz, who might think that we ought to surrender. That is all I have to say. Amen."

Then Foy did his own praying, and it was hearty enough, but we need scarcely stop to set down its substance.

Meanwhile the Spaniards had found a blacksmith, who was getting to work upon the gate, for they could see him through the open upper bars.

"Why don't you shoot?" asked Foy. "You might catch him with a bolt."

"Because he is a poor Dutchman whom they have pressed for the job, while they stand upon one side. We must wait till they break

down the gate. Also we must fight well when the time comes, Master Foy, for, see, folk are watching us, and they will expect it," and he pointed upwards.

Foy looked. The foundry courtyard was surrounded by tall gabled houses, and of these the windows and balconies were already crowded with spectators. Word had gone round that the Inquisition had sent soldiers to seize one of the young Van Goorls and Red Martin—that they were battering at the gates of the factory. Therefore the citizens, some of them their own workmen, gathered there, for they did not think that Red Martin and Foy van Goorl would be taken easily.

The hammering at the gate went on, but it was very stout and would not give.

"Martin," said Foy presently, "I am frightened. I feel quite sick. I know that I shall be no good to you when the pinch comes."

"Now, I am sure that you are a brave man," answered Martin with a short laugh, "for otherwise you would never have owned that you feel afraid. Of course you feel afraid, and so do I. It is the waiting that does it; but when once the first blow has been struck, why, you will be as happy as a priest. Look you, master. So soon as they begin to rush the ladder, do you get behind me, close behind, for I shall want all the room to sweep with my sword, and if we stand side by side we shall only hinder each other, while with a pike you can thrust past me, and be ready to deal with any who win through."

"You mean that you want to shelter me with your big carcass," answered Foy. "But you are captain here. At least I will do my best," and putting his arms about the great man's middle, he hugged him affectionately.

"Look! look!" cried Martin. "The gate is down. Now, first shot to you," and he stepped to one side.

As he spoke the oaken doors burst open and the Spanish soldiers began to stream through them. Suddenly Foy's nerve returned to him and he grew steady as a rock. Lifting his crossbow he aimed and pulled the trigger. The string twanged, the quarrel rushed forth with a whistling sound and the first soldier, pierced through breastplate and through breast, sprang into the air and fell forward. Foy stepped to one side to string his bow.

"Good shot," said Martin taking his place, while from the spectators in the windows went up a sudden shout. Martin fired and another man fell. Then Foy fired again and missed, but Martin's next bolt struck the last soldier through the arm and pinned him to the timber of the broken gate. After this they could shoot no more, for the Spaniards were beneath them.

(To be continued)

"Joseph Chamberlain"

IF it is necessary that one should have lives of statesmen while they are yet among us, it would be as well perhaps that they should be modelled on the lines of Miss Marris's "Joseph Chamberlain: The Man and the Statesman." It is neither over-burdened with personalities, nor over-anxious to assign to the subject his permanent place in history, but gives in straightforward manner, and with a certain air of authority, just as much as one is glad to know, and as much as it is useful to know, about the most prominent statesman of the day. All the early part of the book is devoted to Mr. Chamberlain's ancestors, who lived in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, and to his long association with municipal work. As most people know, before he retired, in order to devote himself to public work, he was a partner in the firm of Nettlefold and Chamberlain, and at one time he devoted to this business all that remarkable energy which of late he has devoted to the affairs of the nation. In a small way he followed in the extension of his business much the same policy as he afterwards adopted at the Colonial Office, to promote Imperial commerce. He turned his attention to finding new markets for trade, and improving those which already existed:—

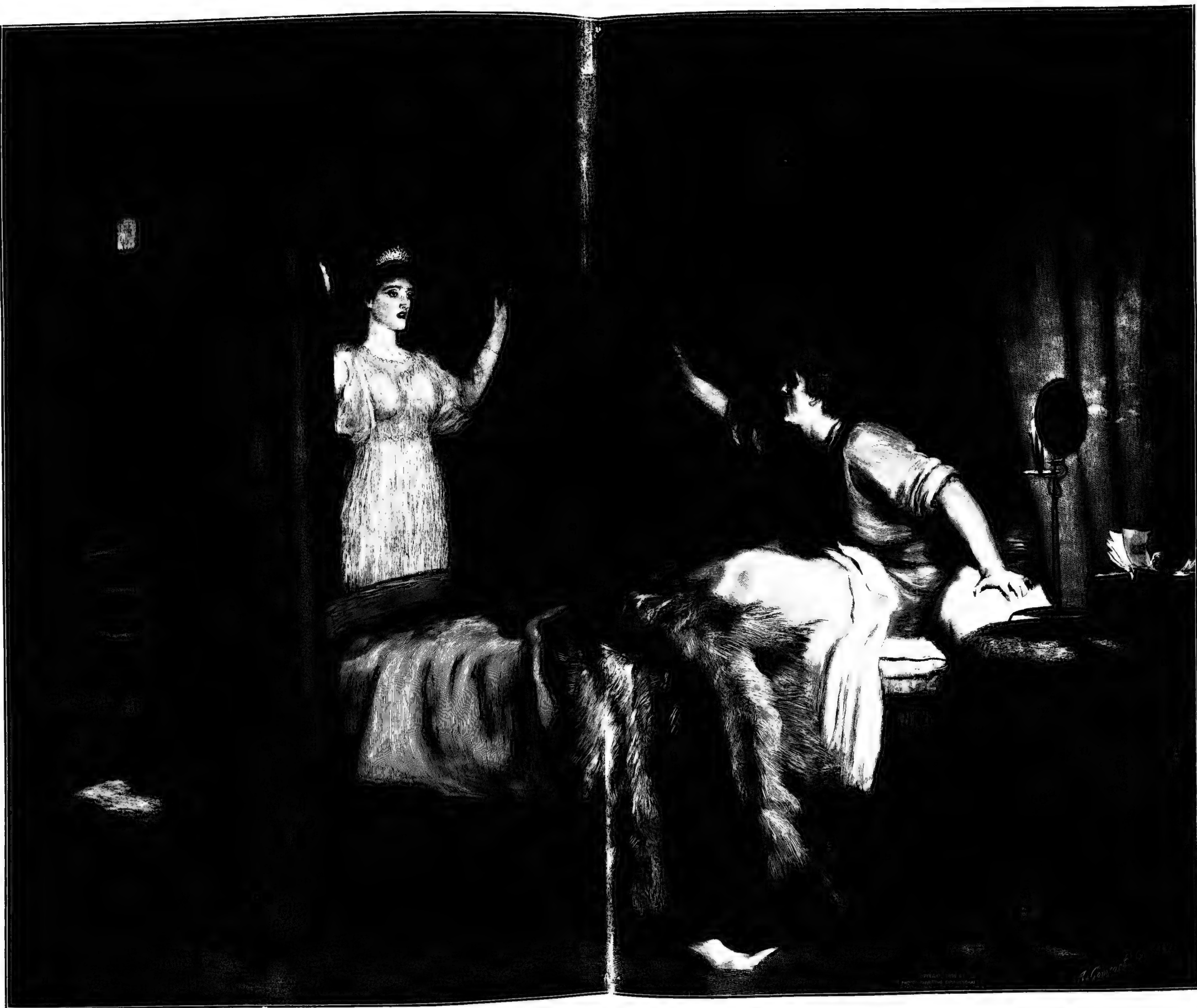
From the first he showed remarkable business aptitude, uniting with the power of seeing far ahead a capacity for detail, a combination as rare as it is valuable. For instance, finding that little or no trade was done by his firm with France, he turned his attention to the cause of this want of enterprise. He found that the English weights and measures were used by the English house to describe its wares, and speedily arranged that tables drawn up according to the decimal system should be thenceforth used. This was a practical measure, but Mr. Chamberlain also deferred to the usual French custom of this trade, and had the screws put up in packets of similar size and wrapped in the same blue paper that the French merchants were accustomed to see when they bought screws from French manufacturers. Presented in this accustomed and pleasing guise, the English article soon proved its superiority, with the result that a big French trade was developed where before there had been a very small one.

"It is not interest, in particular, that governs the world," said Mr. Chamberlain at Leicester in 1900, "but sentiment." And forty-five years earlier he made up his mind that if Frenchmen preferred to have their screws wrapped in blue paper it might be a sentimental fancy, but, nevertheless, blue paper they should have. "Always concede little things peacefully," was his motto; "always hold out for big ones firmly."

But in many ways, looking over this record of his career, one is struck by the way in which the man has consistently gone forward with the same idea. He entered Parliament at forty, was a Cabinet Minister at forty-four, and has been a Minister in all for ten years of his political life, not a very long period in which to have established a commanding reputation, but he very soon made his mark as an incisive speaker with a nice gift of humour, and the abuse meted out to him is the abuse which is the inevitable share of a strong man. Miss Marris is, of course, a warm partisan, but she is judicious with her warmth. She is indignant, though, with those who accuse him of complicity in the Jameson Raid, and argues neatly that his whole life and character should in the eyes of his enemies, at least, be a sufficient answer to this charge.

To implicate himself in such a scheme as the Raid was a folly from which "diabolical cleverness" with which he has been credited would have saved him. He stood to lose everything, to gain nothing by the Raid. If he had approved of the Raid he would have justified before all Europe, would have found convincing arguments in its favour, would, if necessary, have staked his political reputation on it. He would have been neither such a fool as to disown the movement when Jameson had barely started, nor such a knave as to procure the trial and imprisonment of men whom he had aided and abetted; for the particular form of villainy with which the Colonial Secretary's bitterest enemies credited him is certainly not cowardice, or a disinclination "to face the music." The chief secret of the hatred some men feel for him is that he cares so little for their particular music, and is so willing to face anything in support of his opinions.

The volume contains many interesting illustrations, including a series of photographs, taken by special permission, at Highbury, Mr. Chamberlain's country house, and a number of cartoons from his private collection. ("Joseph Chamberlain: The Man and the Statesman." By N. Murrell Marris. Hutchinson and Co.)



"SPEAK, SPEAK!"

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A MOONLIGHT HARVEST IN THE HIGHLANDS: WAITING FOR THE CART

DRAWN BY A. G. SMALL

Through the Nineteenth Century: Sports and Pastimes

By ALFRED T. WATSON

It is a curious fact that whereas during the first three-quarters of the century there were comparatively few notable changes in popular sports and pastimes, during the last quarter so many novelties have come into practice. About the date of the Battle of Waterloo many spectacles might be witnessed in various parts of the country differing only slightly from those that are to be seen to-day. The ordinary hunting field was then much as it is now, except, perhaps, that there is more quality about modern hunters and hounds. The cricket match of to-day does not differ widely from what it was. The shape of the bat was not quite the same, and the players wore tall hats—which must assuredly have been exceedingly inconvenient—but there were eleven players a side, and the rules of the game were fundamentally identical with those now in vogue. Race meetings, again, had much in common with those of to-day, though here too, probably, our horses of to-day show more quality, jockeys do not wear the tight breeches of a bygone era, and the shape of the cap has varied. The Derby was first run in the year 1780, when there were nine starters, a number which rose to fifteen in the following year, but, of course, it created nothing like the comparatively universal interest of modern celebrations of the great race, and the appearance of mounted men on the course, following sometimes in the wake of the horses, would seem quaint indeed to spectators of to-day. Racing had many elements in common with its modern developments. Fishing has altered less than anything—the shapes of hooks are now exactly as they were 2,000 years ago—and it may be doubted whether the chief experts of to-day know anything that was not known to Isaac Walton; but if any sportsman who lived in the first decade or so of the century could revisit the glimpses of the moon, or at least could survey the English landscape in the daytime, he would note some extremely novel and striking scenes. The cycle would no doubt chiefly amaze him, and indeed it has entirely altered the aspect of the modern road. It is curious how speedily things get out

of date. When the first edition of the cycling volume of the "Badminton Library" was published, the familiar safety cycle had not been introduced, and when compared with recent editions it would be difficult to explain how odd some of the pictures look, with riders perched high on wheels some feet from the ground. The development of cycling and of golf have been two of the most surprising events that have happened during the century in the world of sport. No one has ever attempted to explain why golf, which was known and played for so many generations—if it would not be accurate to say so many centuries—in Scotland, should suddenly have leaped into its present astonishing popularity. There was the game just as it is now, the links, the bunkers, the balls and various clubs; Englishmen saw it, sometimes no doubt went around and made more or less a mess of it, year after year, when suddenly an epidemic overwhelmed the country, and golf was played in all directions, north, south, east and west. The appearance of these red-jacketed golfers, and of ladies armed with clubs and intent on the game, is a common object of the country side that no one can dimly have dreamt of twenty years ago.

A sport which has in some ways altered, and in other ways remained the same, is shooting. The principal change is, of course, in firearms. I have before now dwelt on the supreme contentment which must have overcome the shooter, long used to flint and steel, when, for the first time, he used the percussion cap. It must surely have seemed to him that finality was reached. Instead of the elaborate contrivance to which he had been accustomed what had he to do? Merely to invert his powder flask, measure out a charge, pour it into his barrel, draw his ramrod, take a wad from his pocket, push it down on the top of the charge, measure out the requisite quantity of shot, take another wad, force that down again until the ramrod rebounded, when, of course, it was to be withdrawn and thrust back into its holders beneath the barrel. Then he had only to cock his gun, take a cap from his pocket, put it on the nipple, and he was ready for action! Little could he have dreamt of the central-fire breech-loader, the hammerless gun with its patent ejector, conveniences beyond which we can imagine no advance—perhaps because our vision is still limited. Otherwise, the shooter early in the century had something in his favour; improved agriculture had not trimmed hedges

and ditches and cut the stubbles so close that there was no room for a covey to hide themselves. Birds were not so wild as they are to-day, and, I dare say, there was a great deal in what old-fashioned sportsmen tell us about the pleasure of shooting over the intelligent dog. Driving was, of course, a thing that never entered into the shooter's imagination, and it is a curious circumstance that the more it is practised, and the bigger the bags made, when due care and attention are exercised, the more does the head of game on an estate increase. Not many men to-day—an exceedingly small percentage in fact—of those who shoot regularly, approach the average of kills to cartridges (or rather it should be said of kills to charges) achieved by Colonel Hawker, and recorded in his interesting diary; but he most assuredly never dreamt of such bags as those made yearly by contemporary gunners.

One pastime formerly popular has now almost entirely disappeared, and that is archery. It used to be considered an extremely fascinating pursuit, and there were few towns where the devotees of the bow and arrow were not found; but in our days one has to go far and look about carefully to see any signs of what was once among the most favourite of amusements. Roller-skating is another thing which all of a sudden gained for itself bands of energetic enthusiasts all over the country, and it is difficult to explain why a pastime should have declined as rapidly as it arose—"all of another sudden," to quote a popular comedian. Croquet came and went, to return again in amended form, but it is not certain that it would be accurate at the present day to speak of its "popularity," keenly as the game is pursued by its devotees; nor has lawn tennis remained at the height of favour to which it rose, no doubt because many who used once thus to amuse themselves have found the attractions of golf and cycling more seductive. Cricket has continuously increased its hold on players and spectators alike, and it amply justifies its title to be regarded as "the National Game." There is a singularly healthy atmosphere about the cricket field, and one which, moreover, did not exist in the early days of the century. In old numbers of the *Sporting Magazine* a cricket match was seldom or never mentioned without the addition that it was "played for a hundred" or "a thousand guineas a side." But nowadays, so far as I am



A MOONLIGHT HARVEST IN THE HIGHLANDS: A HARD PULL UPHILL

DRAWN BY A. G. SMALL

aware, it may be said that there is practically no betting at all on cricket—possibly because a more convenient outlet for the speculative is to be found in racing. To have abolished betting on cricket matches is an excellent thing, as there can be no doubt that wagering is a source of many evils which almost inevitably follow in its train; though to say that is by no means to condemn the man who holds a strong opinion and is prepared to back it with his purse.

But perhaps no game of late has made such marvellous strides as football. It has, of course, been played from time immemorial, and since schools were invented different establishments have had their own special rules. There are few towns or villages, indeed, where the game has not always been played; but for no particular reason some six or eight years ago it made a mighty spurt, and there is no pastime which now attracts such enormous crowds; crowds, too, who take the very keenest interest in the game, and in their wild ardour are not seldom given to attacking the referee with brutal violence if his decisions seem open to criticism; which is all the harder on him, as it is perfectly obvious that he cannot satisfy the aspirations of both sides. The game has become scientific and abstruse, though the crowd for the most part seem curiously familiar with its technicalities, and those for whom it has no attractions can only marvel exceedingly at the wild enthusiasm it now provokes.

Why various sports and pastimes thus rise and fall will never be explained. One peculiarly English sport which has of late years seemed curiously on the wane is boating. What makes this more odd is that so many improvements in the implements of rowing and sculling have of late years been adopted. In olden days, before outriggers were invented, or the modern wayer-boat thought of, on the Thames, the Tyne, and other great rivers, arduous for boating ran high. The graceful wayer-boat was introduced, the sliding-seat came in time, but though a few clubs still possess energetic members, the University Boat Race lines the banks of the Thames with an excited throng, and Henley Regatta is one of the events of the season (due perhaps, however, as much for its excuse for a picnic as to the actual racing which takes place), the interest taken in rowing and sculling is nothing approaching what it used to be. Sports may become too popular, and this is no doubt the case with racing, an excellent thing in

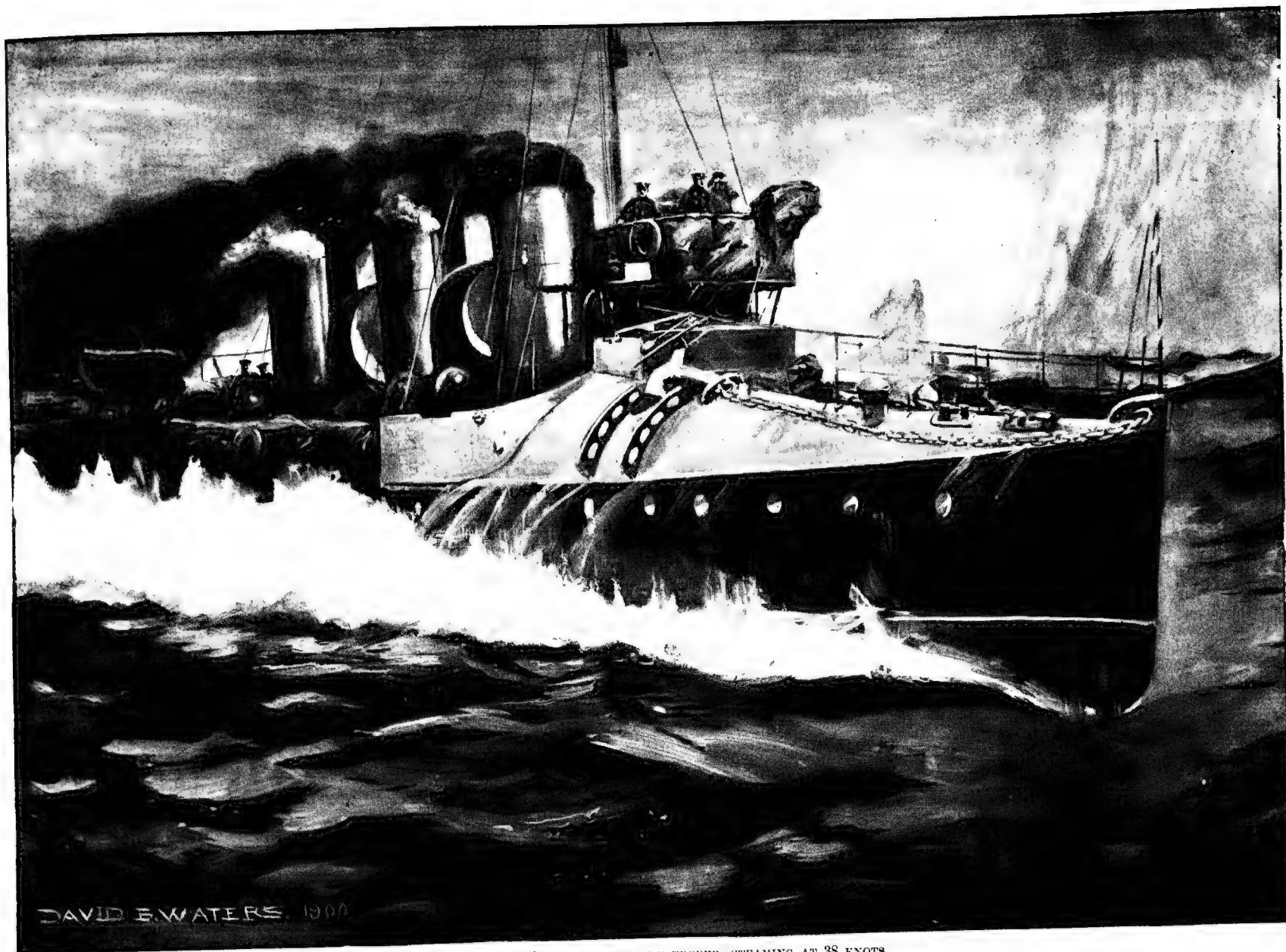
itself, but subject to many abuses arising from the incessant wagering by which it is attended. If a man has an opinion and cares to back it, not very much harm is perhaps done; but the evil of racing is that men who have no opinions, nor any means of forming them, become the prey of rogues as ignorant as, but more cunning than, themselves, and are thus despoiled of money the loss of which—and they are absolutely certain to lose in the long run—is often a very serious matter for them. Before almost every great race, and particularly before the principal handicaps of the season, there are some half-dozen or dozen horses, each of which carries the confidence of its stable: the owners and trainers, at any rate, believe that their animal has a great chance of success, and when such men meet on Newmarket Heath, or elsewhere, these chances are anxiously summed up and discussed. The more experienced a man is the more he recognises the uncertainties of "the great game," and the frequency with which the best of "good things" are upset, but the advertising tipster, who has no real means of gaining information, and who, at best or worst, is not likely to be guided by anything better than the opinions of some ignorant stable boy whom he has bribed, is quite ready to sell to his dupes the name of the horse whom he will tell them cannot by any possibility be beaten. Men are credulous in exact proportion to their lack of knowledge.

Harvesting by Moonlight

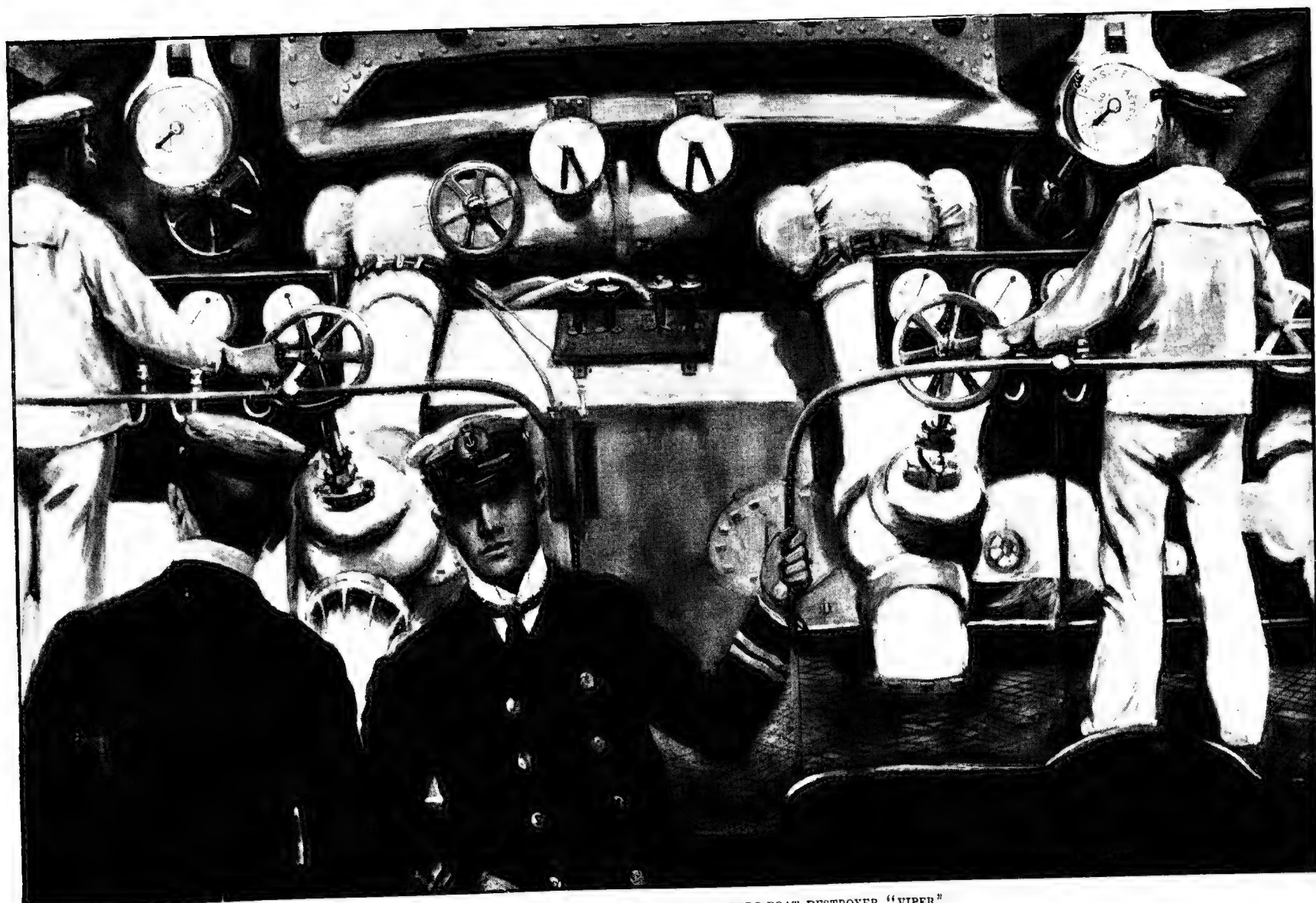
A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Tay Side, says:—"The harvest here was in a bad way this year, and we all thought that the rains would spoil it altogether, but two fine days and a moonlight night saved it. The moonlight night was a Sunday night, yet a neighbour coming in seemed surprised to find us all seated round the hearth and declared that it was a sin not to save the corn, Sunday or no Sunday. Whereupon there ensued a long discussion as to whether it would be sinful to carry the corn that night. Finally the voice of authority put a stop to argument by declaring that work should be begun as the clock struck twelve and so should we be on the safe side. 'An' it is a very bonny night whatever,' said a shepherd looking westward

as the hour approached, adding in Gaelic, 'and very cold and windy,' while another was of opinion that it was 'cold extraulnry.' The first thing some of us noticed as we strolled down the hill was a very fine lunar rainbow, but the 'elder's' first words were, 'There are more than ourselves out anyway,' for he had been quick to notice the glinting lights in many a stackyard on the opposite side of the loch, where they shone yellow and glowing against the cold light of the rainbow and the blue streaks of moonlight on the mountain side. The cold wind, however, did not dispose us to wait and admire too long. We were soon hard at work carrying burdens of rustling sheaves up the steep hillside to the level ground, where it was possible to load the carts, and heaping them together. As soon as we had collected a goodly pile we rested behind it out of the wind and watched the clouds racing past the moon over an intensely dark blue sky, which made the stars seem all the brighter, while on the hill line great dark masses of trees could be seen bowing in waves before the howling wind. The picture was one that impressed us all, but we could not wait long watching it, for on the arrival of the cart we all set to work to load it with sheaves. This quaint little cart, so well adapted for work on the hills, is in marked contrast to the heavy English waggons, and when fully loaded and the sheaves roped down, we started with it up the hill, some hanging on to the one side, others holding their rakes and forks against the top of the load, for an upset on the brae face might have been serious. In the stackyard people were at work building those funny little round things which here they call stacks. In this manner the night passed in a manner even jolly. We had spells of hard work under the bright moon, and then with a few Gaelic songs, sung with the southing wind as an accompaniment, we saw the last load completed and followed it up the hillside, while with us too came a pet lamb that had followed one of the lassies all night. I say 'lamb,' but he was a lamb last spring, and now was not above giving anyone a good butt occasionally as a reminder of the fact that he was growing up. At the conclusion scones and bannocks awaited us, for some of the lassies had been as busy over the peat fire as we had been on the braes, and the party of us—quite a large party for this part of the country, for neighbours had been helping—finished our night's work merrily with songs, jokes and stories."



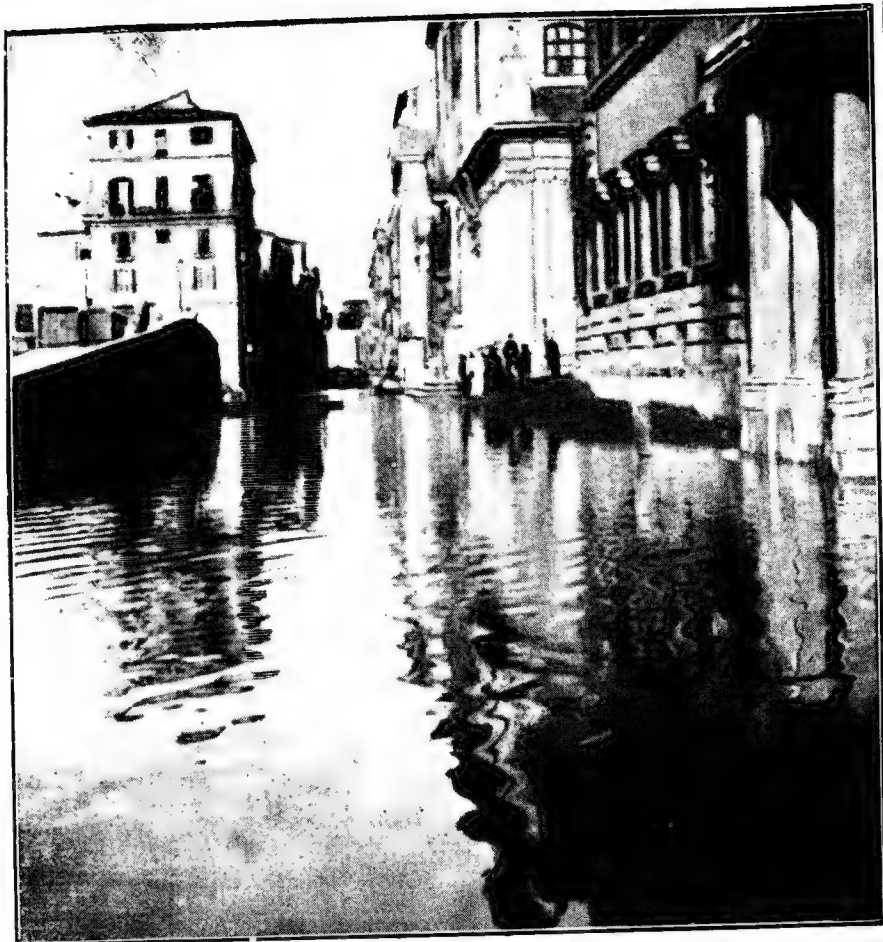


H.M.S. "VIPER," TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER, STEAMING AT 38 KNOTS

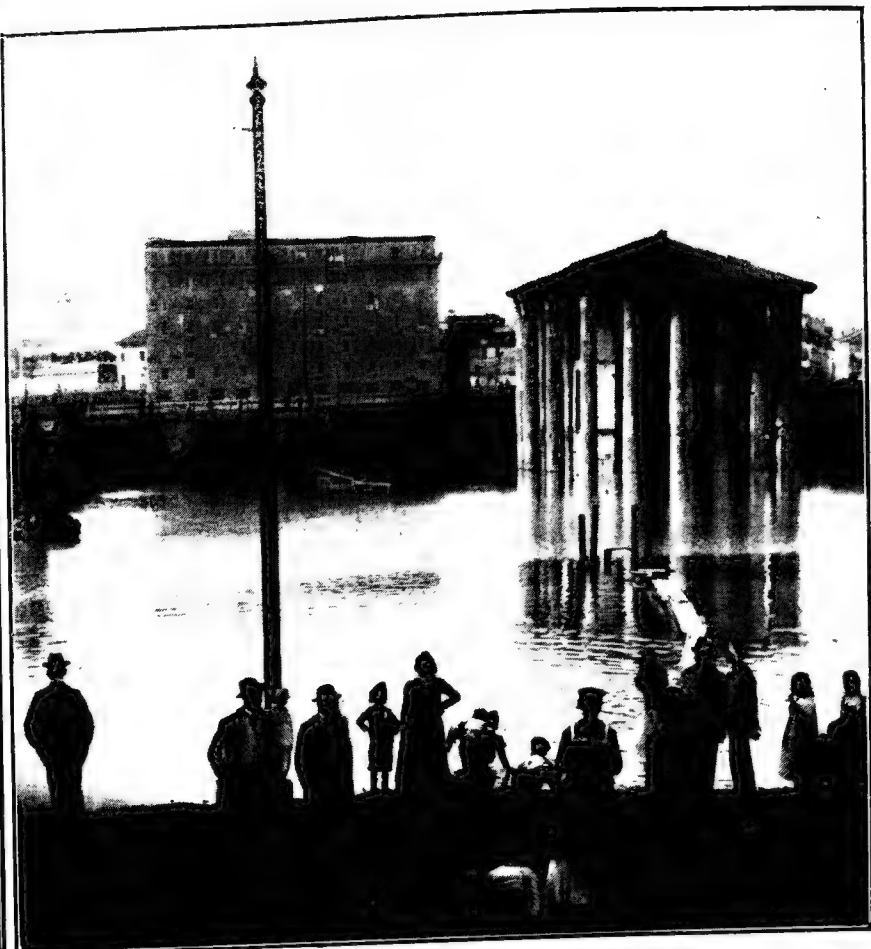


THE ENGINE-ROOM OF THE STEAM TURBINE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "VIPER"
THE FASTEST SHIP AFLOAT

DRAWN BY D. E. WATERS



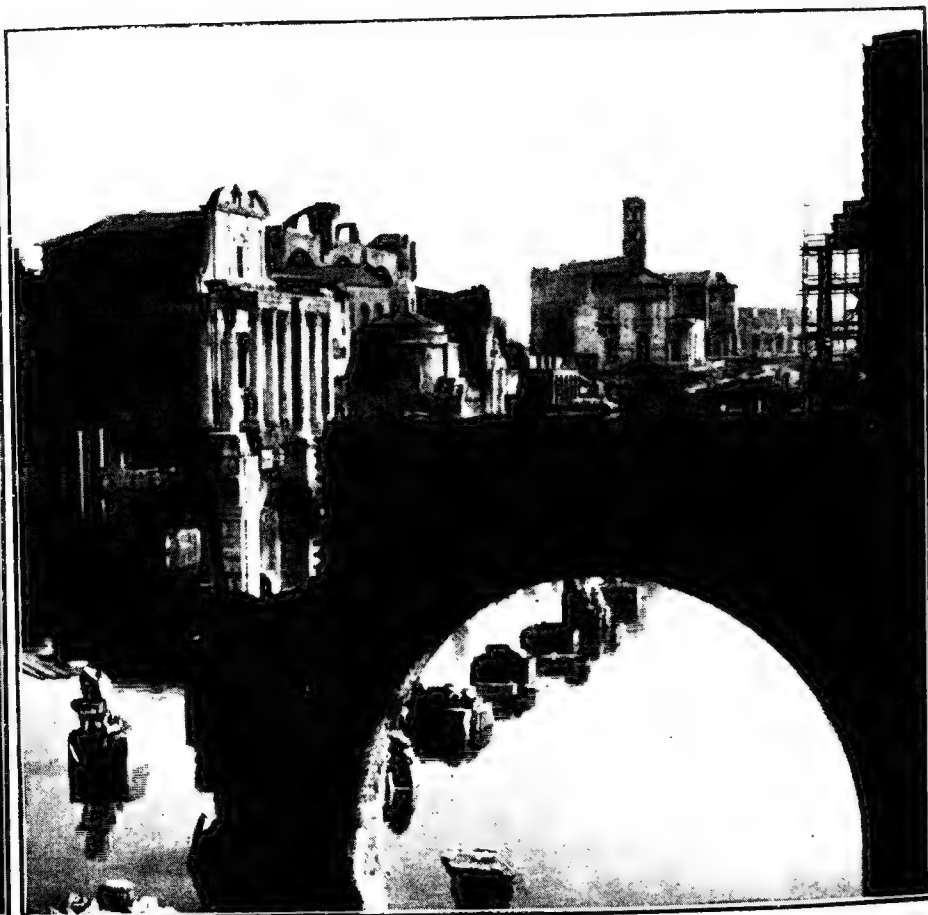
THE VIA DE RIPETTA



THE TEMPLE OF VESTA



THE FORUM ROMANUM



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FORUM

THE OVERFLOW OF THE TIBER: THE INUNDATIONS IN ROME

From Photographs by C. Abeniacar

The Floods in Rome

The overflow of the Tiber that occurred lately will be reckoned as one of the worst ever known in Rome, for the water rose within ten inches of the disastrous flood of 1870, when the river attained a height of 56 feet above its normal level. The great embankment, which had just been completed and had so far been of great service in the floods, gave way; about 350 yards of it fell into the river, carrying with it trees, earth, and *débris* of all kinds. Fortunately, the disaster did not occur without warning. The night before the guards along the right bank of the river, near the scene of the landslip which occurred the other day, opposite the island in the Tiber, felt the earth move. The

authorities were immediately notified, and they hurried to the spot. They found the situation so dangerous that they had the people living in the adjacent houses awakened and turned out without mercy. This meant the removal of several hundred souls, who went most reluctantly. The prudence of the step was seen next morning, when the whole stretch of the promenade, a quarter of a mile long, had disappeared, with the pavement, lamp-posts, and trees. Between the river and the gulf thus created stood the massive embankment of solid masonry constructed fifteen years ago to preserve the city from inundation. Shortly before midday, the mass broke up and fell into the stream. The cause of the subsidence is, apparently, the imperfect character of the foundations of the embankment, which at that point, where

the river bends sharply, is exposed to the full shock of the current. It appears that the embankment is not constructed on complete air caissons, but upon wooden piles, which have already been rotted by the water. The extraordinary pressure of the river at the curves showed up the weakness of the whole work, which is said to have cost 3,000,000*l.*, and quite half of which will need reconstruction. In the country the damage is considerable, sheep and oxen, and even haystacks having been carried away by the waters, while several human lives have been lost. Very imposing, at the height of the flood, was the view of the valley of the Tiber, from which emerged, as from a vast lake, landmarks well known to the winter visitor, conspicuous among them being the sugarloaf eminence of Castel Giubileo.

The Week in Parliament

By HENRY W. LUCY

WHEN last Monday week Parliament met for the War Session, it was assumed as a matter of course, that the sittings must needs run into the third week. The Whips, consulted on the matter, spoke grimly of Friday, the 21st, as the earliest date. This forecast would undoubtedly have been realised but for the benign decision of the Irish members to ignore the summons to Westminster. They had their own business to attend to in the matter of a Convention summoned in Dublin for Tuesday in this week. In addition to the convenience of attending it they would administer a cutting blow to the House of Commons which it might not possibly survive.

On the whole it must be admitted that the House has got along better than might have been expected in these melancholy circumstances. Except when the mind has been turned towards reflection on the orderliness of the proceedings, the comparative absence of irrelevant speeches, and the celerity with which business has been transacted, the absence of the Irish members has not been noted. We have had the best of them in the person of Mr. Tim Healy, who, having the ground all to himself, has denounced the war in the Transvaal, abused Ministers, and derided the prowess of British arms to which the gallant Irish contingent have added fresh fame. Nobody minded. It pleased Tim, interested new members, and no one was a penny the worse.

With reckless lavishness there was crowded into one night all the excitement of the week. Monday was the third night of debate on the Address, and it was understood that Mr. Balfour was resolved it should be the last. To the end the Twelve o'clock Rule was suspended, sure indication of intention if necessary to involve the influence of the Closure. There were nearly a dozen amendments on the paper, including one standing in the name of Mr. Sam Smith raising the question of Ritualistic practices. Mr. Smith's forlorn figure was seen through the night moving about the lobbies. His plaintive voice was heard pleading with members to back him up in resisting the tyranny of Ministers. He waited in his place attentive till the amendments of Mr. Bartley and Mr. Lloyd George had been debated and disposed of. This brought the sitting close up to one o'clock on Tuesday morning. Undaunted by so trivial a circumstance Mr. Smith rose and proposed to discourse for an hour or so on a subject which he and Melancholy had marked as their own.

With swift, unerring action, like the hawk dropping on the hapless sparrow, Mr. Balfour moved the Closure. The division challenged disclosed the attendance of just over 400 members, including "tellers" and the Speaker, a notable testimony to the faithfulness of the new Parliament.

Of the two questions on which attention was concentrated, both being of that personal character the House loveth, Mr. Bartley's came first. He was concerned for the disproportionate representation in the Ministry of members of the Premier's family, this being, he assured his Sovereign, "calculated to diminish the responsibility of Your Majesty's Ministers to Parliament and gravely to impair the efficiency of the public service." Just before he was called on Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett almost literally emptied the House in an endeavour to confide to it his views and counsels with respect to China. The news, "Bartley's up," went round with marvellous celerity. Within six minutes the empty benches filled, late comers flocking into the side galleries or standing in a throng at the bar.

Had the motion been brought forward from the Opposition side it would have lost much of its significance. It is the business of the Opposition to oppose, and it must be admitted the constitution of the Ministry afforded an opening for criticism. It was a different thing when action was taken by an uncompromising Conservative of Mr. Bartley's type, in whose frank utterance was recognised the echo of what was whispered across the tables and by the fireside of Conservative Clubs. There was something ominous in the silence and which he was listened to from the Ministerial camp. No cries of "No, no!" in analogous circumstances ready enough, burst forth when he affirmed that what he was saying a majority of those near him thought.

Mr. Bowles, who, like Mr. Bartley, has, since the Ministry was reconstructed, reconsidered his attitude towards the Government, contributed a lively speech in support of the amendment, opposed by Mr. Balfour in one of his least successful speeches. Mr. Bowles was, with the exception of the mover of the amendment, the only Conservative who supported it in the division Lobby. But abstentions were numerous and significant. A direct and damaging vote of censure on the Premier was negatived by a majority of 102, thirty-two below the normal level. When, some hours later, at a much less favourable hour of the sitting, the House divided on the third vote of censure, directed against Mr. Chamberlain, it was negatived by a majority of 142. The difference was made up, not by variation of the attacking force, but by a muster of two score Ministerialists who had declined to go into the Lobby in defence of the Premier.

Mr. Chamberlain was, naturally, in his best fighting form. At length he was face to face with attacks on his private dealings as affecting his Ministerial office that had filled the recess with rancour. Mr. Lloyd George and others who spoke in favour of the amendment were careful to affirm that there was no charge of dishonest intention, much less of personal corruption. They took their stand on broad principles, adroitly adopting Mr. Chamberlain's historical Caesar's wife reference, applied to Lord Rosemead when he was made Governor of the Cape. Mr. Chamberlain, on his part, carefully evaded that awkward kopje. Choosing, with the skill of a practical debater, his own ground of defence, he insisted on treating the attack as purely personal, designed to represent him as a thief and a scoundrel. The most effective part of his defence was the passage wherein he showed that his connection with the Ceylon Commercial Company dated twenty-three years back, a time when the vision of himself at the desk of the Secretary of State for the Colonies was inconceivable.

The "Viper"

THE torpedo-boat destroyer *Viper*, which at present holds the proud position of the fastest craft in the world, having done one run on her trial at the rate of 37·113 knots, or forty-three statute miles an hour, is also the first example of a turbine-propelled vessel in our Navy. A similar vessel, the destroyer *Cobra*, was purchased by the Admiralty with the funds provided by the supplementary vote this summer, and it is probable that hereafter the turbine type will be adopted for all the new destroyers of the Navy. In the turbine engine there are several distinctive features. There are no cylinders and no pistons, and the difficulty of transforming a backward and forward into a rotary movement has not to be surmounted. The simplest explanation of the turbine is to compare it with a windmill on the vanes of which steam and not wind impinges. The vanes are forced round—they are, of course, boxed in—and thus motion is imparted to the shafts on which are the screws. The revolutions are immensely faster than in an ordinary cylinder or "reciprocating" engine. Thus the *Viper's* shafts at full speed turn from 1170 to 1200 times a minute, whereas 360 to 400 revolutions is about the maximum for shafts and screws driven by the ordinary engine. This novel speed of revolution necessitates numerous small propellers, instead of two relatively large ones. The *Viper* has four screw shafts, on each of which are two screws, so that she has eight propellers in all. All our other destroyers, except the *Cobra*, have two shafts and two screws.

A great advantage which the *Viper's* engines possess is their simplicity and freedom from vibration. The ordinary destroyer is

shaken almost to pieces when running at high speed, with results decidedly unpleasant to the health and comfort of the crew. The *Viper* runs smoothly and easily. Her engine-room is clean and comfortable for the men working in it—a consideration of the utmost importance in peace and war. There is but one defect in the turbine from a naval point of view; it is built to run only in one direction and cannot be reversed. As it is a *sine quâ non* that a destroyer must be able to go astern, two extra turbines have to be fitted for this special purpose. They revolve idly when she is steaming ahead, but they can give her a speed astern of fifteen knots, which is quite enough for practical purposes.

Mr. Parsons, the inventor of the turbine, claims that with his engines the same horse-power is obtained on one-third the weight and with half the space required for the reciprocating engine. A vivid idea of the extraordinary power obtained in a small space is given when we recall the fact that the 390-ton *Viper* has recorded as high a horse-power as the 7,350-ton cruiser *Edgar*—viz., 11,000 to 12,000 horse-power.

The type is being copied abroad. France is building an experimental turbine boat, and other Powers will certainly follow suit when the *Viper's* performance on service is seen to be satisfactory. Probably we shall also lay down a large number of the type, as more destroyers are urgently needed, and the Admiralty's excuse for delay hitherto has been the wish to see how the *Viper* conducts herself. There is every reason to believe that she will prove a great success. Whether the system will be extended to small, fast steamers on the cross-Channel service, as Mr. Parsons expects, remains to be seen. The merchant service is conservative, and does not believe in going too fast—whence we English have lost the Atlantic record.



1. Yellow silk costume for a young married woman, embroidered with gold and silver; bodice and skirt black silk gauze, ornamented with black lace; sleeves of yellow silk muslin draped.
2. Pale pink silk costume for a young girl. The bodice opens over a front of pink silk muslin drapery on one side, and is cut a little low to the throat. Round the opening is a collar, edged with ecru guipure, and forming pointed epaulettes on the shoulders. Bands of guipure similar to the bodice trimming, ornament the skirt, which is finished with a silk muslin flounce. The waistband is of pink silk muslin.

DINNER DRESSES



A jaguar attacks one of the ponies belonging to the boy and girl hero of Dr. Gordon Stables' story, but their great wolfhound Braven comes to the rescue

BRAWN . . . DASHED ON TO THE RESCUE

From "In Far Bolivia." By Gordon Stables. Illustrated by J. Finnemore, R.I. (Blackie and Son)

More Christmas Books

No books give boys greater pleasure than those dealing with school life, and "Every Inch a Briton" (Blackie), by Meredith Fletcher, is one of this category, which, for healthiness of tone, well-sustained interest, and abundance of incident, it would be hard to beat. The story is written from the point of view of an ordinary boy, and gives an animated account of a lively, mischievous, yet truly British schoolboy's life at Cressingham, a large public school on the sea-coast. Young "Taffy" Llewelyn does not go in much for sentiment, nor any nonsense of that sort; his one object in life is to uphold the honour of the house of which he is one of the most unruly, yet most loyal, of members, and to bring to utter confusion the boys of the rival house. Many are the fights between the Britons and the Blacks, as the rival houses are called, each one trying to outdo the other in cricket, in sports, in work, and in mischief. The author has evidently a keen remembrance of his own schooldays, for the characters of his story are real boys—boys that behave like boys, talk like boys, and, thoughtless and hasty though they be, have the same generous instincts that are common to the majority of English public schoolboys.

A capitable book for boys, and one full of incident, hard fighting, gallant deeds, and genuine humour, is "In the King's Service" (Blackie), by Captain F. S. Brereton, R.A.M.C. Dick Granville, the hero, is the son of a Royalist, who, driven from his home in Cheshire, takes refuge with his brother-in-law at Castle Driscoe in Ireland. When Cromwell and his army invade the Emerald Isle, Dick and his lively Irish cousin Terence join a body of Royalist horse. In the defence of Castle Driscoe our hero shows himself a master of strategy, and even Cromwell himself, who in the end undertakes the siege, finds it no easy matter to overcome the gallant little garrison. Mr. Stanley Wood's effective illustrations add greatly to the interest of the volume.

The hero of Mr. Edward Noble's "Shadows from the Thames" (Pearson) is a nautical imitation of the immortal Sherlock Holmes, who, with his friend and biographer, is engaged in elucidating certain mysterious crimes and tragedies that have taken place down the lower reaches of the Thames.

The "Boy Crusoes" (Blackie), adapted from the Russian by Léon Golchmann, is somewhat novel in the matter of plot. Two Russian lads are so deeply impressed by reading "Robinson Crusoe" that they decide to run away from home. Taking provisions, arms, etc., they make their way into the trackless Siberian forest. After their first night in the open they come to the conclusion that there is no place like home, but unfortunately they can't find their way thither. They eventually find themselves on the slopes of a lake, where they build themselves a hut. From this time until they are rescued by chance, two years later, they are kept busy hunting for food, fighting against wolves and other enemies. The book is crammed with adventure of a fresh and interesting character, and is well illustrated by J. Finnemore, R.I.

Mr. Charles Neufeld may be considered to be an authority on the treatment meted out by the Arabs to their captives, besides which any story-book by the whilom prisoner of the Khalifa is sure of hearty welcome from British boys and girls. His "Under the Rebel's Reign" (Gardner and Darton) is a thrilling story of the adventures of three German students—two of them heroes and one a villain—who, after leaving their native country, made their way to Alexandria, and there meet with many exciting and

curious adventures prior to and during the bombardment of that city by the English, and take a prominent part in the subsequent operations against Arabi and his rebels. The story is full of exciting situations. The volume is capably illustrated by Charles Seldon.

From Messrs. Hutchinson we have received two new volumes of their well-known "Fifty-two Series"—"Fifty-two Stirring Stories for Girls," and "Fifty-two Stories of the British Empire," both edited by Alfred H. Miles. The stories are exciting and well written, and the books are capably illustrated and eminently suitable for Christmas presents for our boys and girls. Among the authors are L. T. Meade, Sarah Donnelly, and Alice L. Jackson in the girls' volume, and B. L. Farjeon, Haddon Chambers, and Robert Overton in the boys'.—"A Child of the Sun" (Pearson) is an exceedingly pretty and poetical legendary tale of the Arctides, a tribe of Red Indians who, according to tradition, were descended from the sun. The volume is beautifully illustrated in colours by Louis Betts, the plates being remarkably well printed.

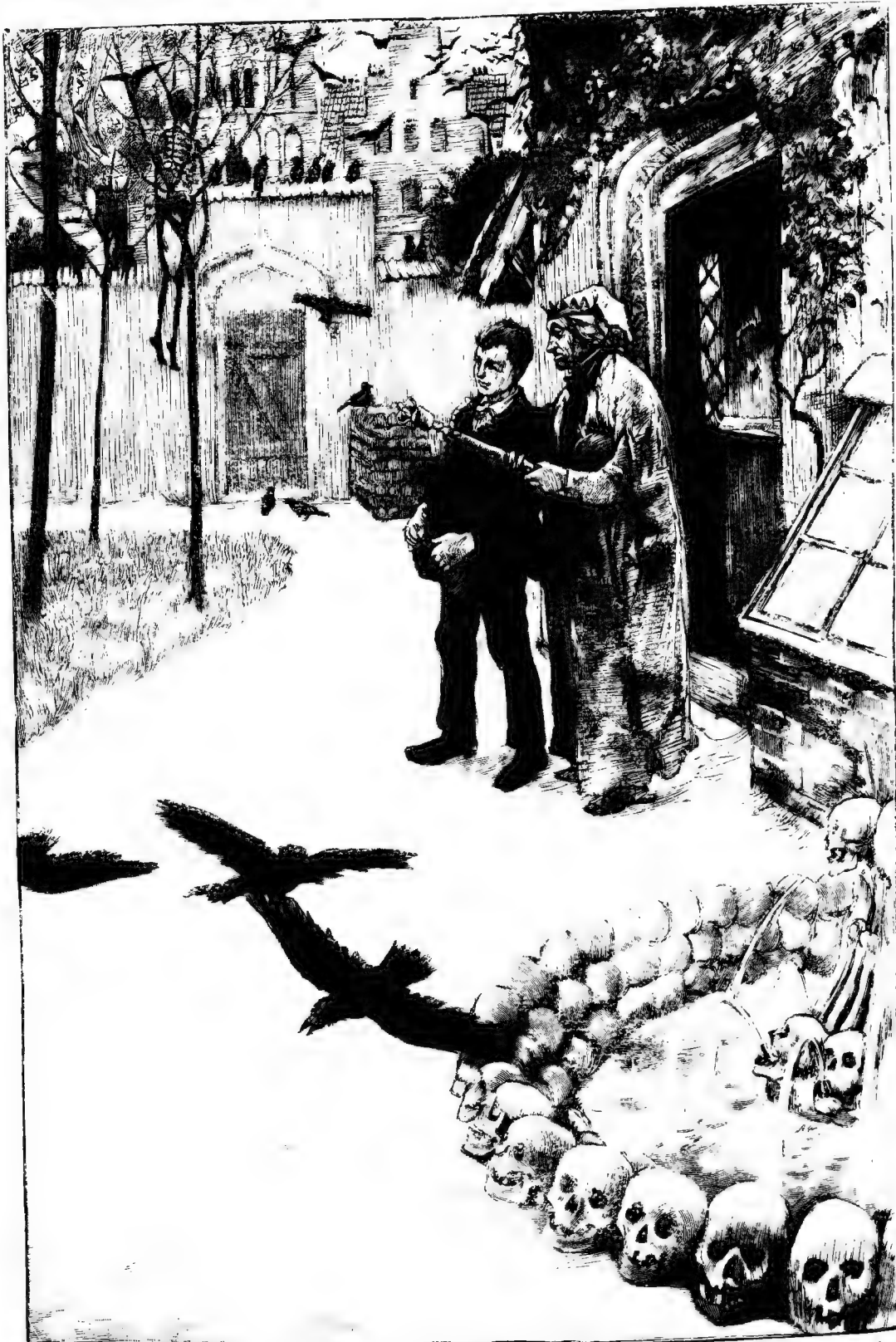
A NEW "HANS ANDERSEN"

Quite one of the handsomest gift books of the season is the splendid new edition of Hans Christian Andersen's "Fairy Tales," which has just been issued by Messrs. Heinemann. The translation is a new and excellent one by Mr. H. L. Brockstad, but the great feature of the books is the wonderful series of illustrations by the well-known Danish artist, Hans Tegner. To the work of adequately illustrating the Fairy Tales the artist brings a skill and devotion each equally admirable, and after devoting fifteen years to the task has given us a most interesting and peculiarly characteristic series of drawings, and though one might not imagine that fairy tales required technicalities to be correct there is a real advantage in having the work of a Danish poet illustrated by a Danish artist. One can imagine no more delightful gift for a child than these two huge volumes, for the

haunting beauty of Hans Andersen appeals equally directly to the youngest and to the oldest of us. The only difference is that while one is young one reads the tales and laughs, while later in life one's simple pathos rather makes one cry. The illustration which reproduce comes from the familiar story of "The Travelling Companion," and shows little Johannes being shown by the wicked princess the garden containing the relics of the wicked princess's fated suitors. It will be remembered that all who came as suitors to this princess, who had been bewitched by a troll, had to answer three questions. If they could answer rightly, they were to marry the Princess, but if they failed, death was their portion. Little Johannes succeeded only through the aid of the mysterious travelling companion, and the mysterious travelling companion was the man whose body Johannes had given all his little fortune to save from being disturbed in its grave. It was characteristic of Andersen that to the end he thought as a child thinks. Incongruous and incongruous though his tales may be, they have always an exquisite simplicity which makes them appeal instantly to the imagination, and conjure up pictures therein. For this reason, largely, no matter how the years go by, we never forget "The Ugly Duckling," "The Little Mermaid," "The Snow Queen," and the rest. It must not be forgotten, by the way, that the book contains a charmingly written introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has given a most interesting appreciation of the writer, with the advantage of being able to indulge in personal recollections, for he knew Andersen in his later days.

"IN FAR BOLIVIA"

In one of his new stories this year Dr. Gordon Stables has laid a fresh ground, and tells of wild life and adventures in a remote little-known region. The story deals with life on a large plantation on the banks of the great Amazon, where existence is a pleasant dream, until the abduction of the heroine by Polivian is instigated by the villain of the plot. Then the fun indeed begins, and the adventures of the rescue party, in which the heroine's cousin and his chum are the moving spirits, make a spirited narra-



The King led Johannes out into the Princess's garden. In every tree hung three or four skeletons of Princes who had wooed the Princess

From the story of "The Travelling Companion," in "Fairy Tales by Hans Christian Andersen." (Heinemann)

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Mr. Lloyd's Farewell

MR. LLOYD, on Wednesday, at the Albert Hall, made that which was announced to be his last appearance in public. This, at any rate so far as the London public was concerned, is a final adieu, although it seems that there may still be a question of a farewell tour through the United States and the Colonies. Mr. Lloyd, who is the possessor of an ample fortune, wisely elects to say good-bye before his voice shows any signs of decay. Indeed, his powers are now in their prime, and by the music lovers of to-day he



MR. EDWARD LLOYD

The well-known tenor, whose farewell concert took place on Wednesday

will be recollected as, beyond question, the greatest concert tenor of the latter part of the Victorian Era. Mr. Lloyd, who will not attain his 56th year until next spring, has had a long and busy life; for as a child he was a choir boy at Westminster Abbey, and, as a boy soprano, indeed, he sang at the wedding of the Empress Frederick, and at the first Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. It is said that his voice never really "broke," but passed from the child's to the adult voice without any sort of interregnum. At any rate, in the middle sixties we find him as principal tenor under his old friend Barnby at St. Andrew's, Well Street. Under Barnby, also, he appeared at one of Novello's Oratorio Concerts in 1869, and two years later he came prominently before the public at the Gloucester Festival in Bach's "St. Matthew" Passion. Within a few years he had taken the leading position, and for the last twenty years, at any rate, he has created the principal tenor part in practically every English oratorio and cantata written for the Musical Festivals. Details of the farewell performance on Wednesday are now neither practicable nor necessary. It will suffice that Mr. Lloyd was announced to sing among other works the "Prize" song from *Die Meistersinger*, the air, "Lend me your aid," from Gounod's *Queen of Sheba*, and Mr. Stephen Adams' "The Holy City," and that he was surrounded by many of his old and young associates among the leading concert singers. Our portrait is by Mayall and Newman, Brighton.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS

THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN COMPANY announce cheap excursions for the Christmas and New Year's Holidays as follows:—On December 20 to Dublin, Greenore, Belfast, Cork, Galway, Killarney, Londonderry, and other places in Ireland. On December 21 to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Greenock, Inverness, Oban, Perth, Stirling, and other stations in Scotland. On December 22 to Ashton, Birmingham District, Carlisle, Chester, Crewe, English Lake District, Lancaster, Leamington, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, North Wales, Preston, Rugby, Stafford, Walsall, Wolverhampton, &c. On December 23 to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Greenock, Inverness, Oban, Perth, Stirling, and other stations in Scotland; to Abergavenny, Brynmawr, Carmarthen, Dowlais, Hereford, Llandilo, Llandovery, Llandrindod Wells, Llangamarch Wells, Llanwrtyd Wells, Ludlow, Merthyr, Swansea, &c.; to Liverpool, Manchester, Stockport, and Warrington. On December 28 to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Greenock, Inverness, Oban, Perth, Stirling, and other stations in Scotland. On December 31 to Liverpool, Manchester, Stockport, and Warrington.

The BRIGHTON RAILWAY COMPANY announce that by their Royal Mail route, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen to Paris and the Continent, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the Express Day Service on December 22, and also by the Express Night Service on December 22, 23, and 24.

THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY will issue Cheap Tickets to Brussels via Harwich and Antwerp, December 21, 22, 24, and 26, available for eight days. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich for Hamburg December 19 and 22; returning December 26 and 29.

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY announce that cheap excursions will be run on December 21 to Durham, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Helensburgh, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Oban, Aberdeen, Inverness and other stations in Scotland. Tickets at about a single fare for the double journey will also be issued by above excursions to places named, available for return by one fixed train on any day within sixteen days, including days of issue and return. Cheap fast excursions will be run on December 22 and 24 to the principal stations in the Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North-Eastern Districts; on December 31 to Nottingham, Nefield, Manchester, Warrington and Liverpool; and on December 24 to Hitchin, Huntingdon, Peterboro', Boston, Grantham, Lincoln, Nottingham, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, York, &c.

"The Happy Hypocrite"

MR. MAX BEERBOHM'S little piece, entitled *The Happy Hypocrite*, brought out at the ROYALTY Theatre on Tuesday evening, deals with the old theme of *Cymon and Iphigene*—the transforming power of love; but, unlike Dryden, Mr. Beerbohm's Lord George is not a boorish lout, but a far more unpromising subject a hardened profligate, actually promenading in Kensington Gardens with his plain and vulgar mistress, the Signorina Gambogi, when he is smitten with the personal charms and the artless prattle of Mere, an astonishingly innocent and simple-minded young woman, who, heedless of rangers and notice-boards, spends her time culling flowers in that locality. The psychology of this is a trifle obscure, but I am told that the heaven of love is in operation in the breast of the wicked Lord George, whose surname, by the way, is, unfortunately, not fit for ears polite; anyway, the innocent nosegay-maker quickly exhibits, like Rosalind, a "coming-on disposition," and is only daunted by her a satyr-like countenance. This difficulty, however, is speedily overcome, for it seems that in Kensington Gardens there was an itinerant vendor of wax masks, and from him Lord George purchases a peculiarly saintly article of this description, which though Jenny is rather puzzled to say why the saintly stranger "never smiles," is supposed to remove all difficulties. Trouble seems imminent when la Gambogi, aided and abetted by Lord George's late riotous companions, Count Hessel and Captain Fitzclarence, tears off the mask from her faithful lover's countenance; but she is too late. True love has now completed its magical effects and Lord George has at last become a perfectly presentable personage. Such was the story which was very attentively followed by a rapturous first-night audience. Though its fantastic spirit is rather exaggerated than moderated by the performers, the play will probably serve its purpose as first piece of the ROYALTY programme.

W. M. T.



The Corporation of Cape Town presented a sword of honour to Lord Roberts before his departure for England. The hilt is of solid gold. On the obverse is a finely chased figure of Britannia, while on the reverse is that of Justice. On the blade are recorded Lord Roberts's great successes in South Africa. The sword was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company

SWORD OF HONOUR PRESENTED TO LORD ROBERTS

CHAIRMAN: J. NEWTON MAPPIN

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Massive Sterling Silver Sugar Bowl and Sifter, beautifully chased, interior richly gilt, after Briot; in best Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, £6 6 0. Gilt all over, £7 0 0.

Four Chased Sterling Silver Salt Cellars and Spoons, in best Morocco Case, Acorn design, £3 15 0; Six in Case, £5 5 0.

Lady's Sterling Silver Card Case, richly Chased Cherub Heads Panel, in Morocco Case, £2 12 0.

Sterling Silver. Two Escalloped Butter Shells and two Knives in Morocco Case, £3 5 0. One Shell and Knife, in Case, £1 16 0.

Grape Scissors, Sterling Silver, £6 6 0. Prince's Plate, £10 0 0.

Richly Gilt Glass Powder Jar and two Scent Bottles, with Sterling Silver handsome Chased Mounts; complete in Morocco Velvet-lined Case, £3 17 6.

Registered Design. Afternoon Tea Spoons and Sugar Tongs Case, Lined Silk and Velvet, £2 2 0. Case of 6 Spoons and Tongs £2 2 0. £3 15 0.

Two Sterling Silver Salt Cellars, Spoons and Muffinier, Engraved Floral Pattern, in best Morocco Case, £1 13 0.

Ivory Handle Butter Knife, in Case, Prince's Plate, 9/-; Sterling Silver, 14/-.

Pair Pickle Forks, XVII. Century Pattern, in Case. All Prince's Plate, 10/6; All Sterling Silver, £1 3 0.

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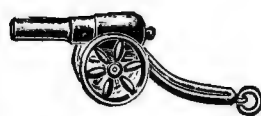
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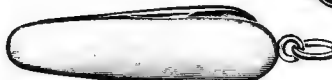
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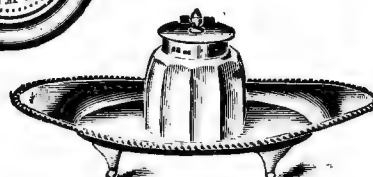
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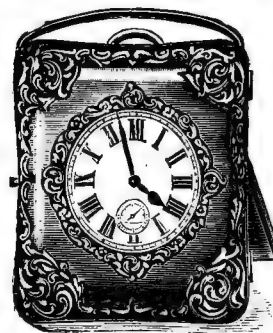
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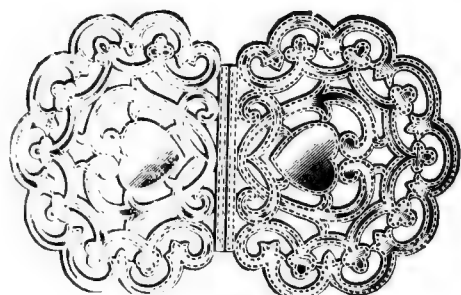
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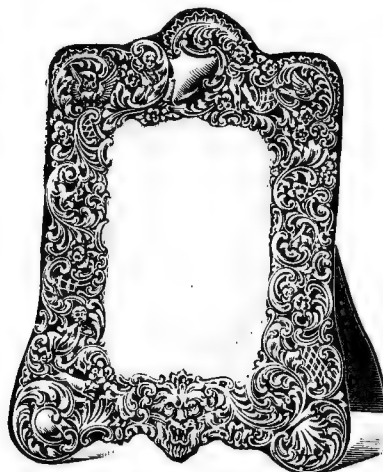


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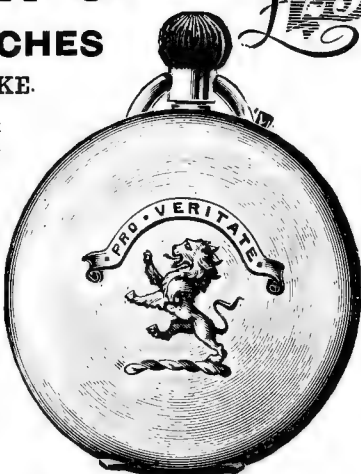
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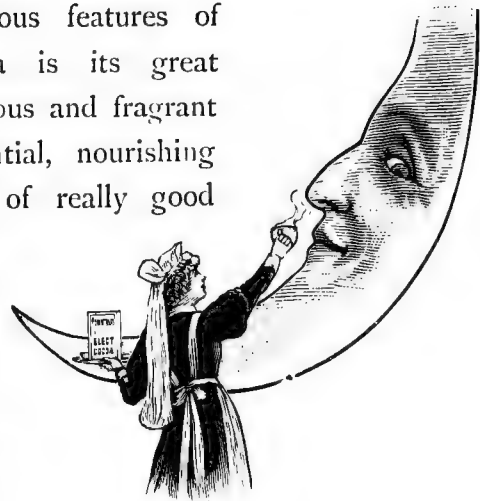
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A Distinguished Regiment at the Front

No regiment has behaved more superbly or suffered more heavily in South Africa than the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Both battalions have been in Natal throughout the war. The 2nd Battalion was stationed at Pietermaritzburg when hostilities broke out, and the 1st Battalion was among the first batch of reinforcements sent to the Cape. The 2nd Battalion was in every engagement in Natal, from the battle of Talana Hill, on October 20, to the crossing of the Tugela.

When the history of the war comes to be written, the story of the Dundee column will stand out as one of the most brilliant episodes in the campaign, and the storming of Talana Hill will always be remembered as an example of what British infantry can do. In this battle the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers did magnificent work, and carried off the honours of the day. Early in the morning of October 20 the Boers, in great strength, took up a position on Talana Hill, and at five o'clock opened fire on our position at Dundee. Soon the 13th, 67th, and 69th Batteries began replying to the Boer shells, and the firing went on incessantly for two hours. Meanwhile three battalions of infantry, the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, 1st King's Royal Rifles, and 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, had been moved forward, and as soon as the Boer guns were silenced General Symons gave the order to assault Talana Hill. The hill rises about 800 feet above the level of the donga occupied by the three battalions. On the top of the hill were the Boers occupying a seemingly impregnable position. It was a daring project to assault such a position with 2,000 men, but the result proved that General Symons knew what those three battalions could do. Under cover of two batteries these men pressed forward in perfect order, taking advantage of every bit of cover and halting only to fire when they came within easy range of the enemy. In the rush for the wood the Dublins led the way. Here our losses were very heavy and General Symons, who had galloped to encourage the men, fell mortally wounded. By toilsome and steady work the Fusiliers and Rifles at length secured good positions high up on the hillside, whence it would be feasible to make the final rush. Suddenly the artillery ceased firing. Another moment and at the word of command our men fired two volleys and then with wild battle cries they made an irresistible charge right amongst the enemy. For a quarter of an hour there was some terrible work at close quarters. Then the Boers fled in disorder. The Boer battery consisting of six guns fell into our hands. In the engagement the Dublins lost two officers and four men killed, and three officers and fifty-four men wounded. After the battle a squadron of the 18th Hussars and some mounted infantry, mostly belonging to the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, pushing on too far in pursuit, were taken prisoners. In this way the Dublins lost the services of four officers.

The 2nd Battalion then went through the most trying retirement on Ladysmith from Dundee under General Yule. It took part in the engagement of Farquhar's Farm, outside Ladysmith, on October 30, and left Ladysmith on November 1, just before it was thoroughly invested.

Another brilliant little action in which the 2nd Dublins distinguished themselves was an armoured train reconnaissance from Estcourt. The train carried two companies of the battalion, under Captain Romer. Close to Colenso the enemy were sighted near the

line in considerable force. Their fire, however, was ineffective, and as they were suffering loss they quickly retired. Our men succeeded in entering Fort Wylie and brought back four waggons loaded of shells, provisions and stores. The 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers also took part in the reconnaissance on November 4, when an armoured train was derailed and Lieutenant Frankland was taken prisoner. The Dublins distinguished themselves again in this action, individual members of the regiment behaving with great gallantry. Private Cavanagh, when the firing line fell back, time after time rallied his comrades, who, by firing volleys, prevented the horse-shoe line of the enemy from enveloping the train. The 1st Battalion arrived in Natal about December 6th, and three companies were sent up to reinforce the 2nd Battalion, who took the place of the 1st Battalion in General Hart's Brigade, the remainder, five companies 1st Battalion being left on lines of communication at Estcourt.

In the battle of Colenso, when Sir Redvers Buller made his first attempt to cross the Tugela, with disastrous results, the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, reinforced by three companies of 1st Battalion, behaved with great credit. They were the leading battalion, and scarcely had they taken the open when the enemy opened on the advancing column with shrapnel. They were temporarily unable to deploy owing to the nature of the ground, and in the interval the Connaught Rangers, who were now leading the column, suffered heavy loss. The Dublins and Connaughts advanced magnificently against the almost overwhelming fire, men falling at every step. As they approached the river the enemy's fire seemed to redouble. Every time a company rose to its feet to advance there was a perfect crash of musketry, and the plain all round them became a cloud of dust spurts. Yet there was nothing to tell where the enemy lay concealed. Not a single head even was visible; nothing but a long line of smoke, scarcely visible, and the incessant crackling roar. It was during the retirement that the brigade suffered the heaviest loss.

In this battle the Dublins lost two officers (Captain A. H. Bacon and Lieutenant R. C. P. Henry) and thirty-seven men killed and three officers and 148 men wounded, while twenty-eight men were taken prisoners.

During the fighting which took place before Ladysmith was relieved, the 2nd Battalion did excellent work, especially in the attack on Grobler's Kloof, a strong position. On the morning of February 23 operations against this height, which had been reconnoitred two days previously, were resumed. The infantry were on the hill in the positions they had gained overnight leading to Grobler's Kloof and the hills on the right of that eminence. An artillery duel, which had no decisive result, continued for some hours between our howitzers and the enemy's Creusot. In the afternoon the Fifth Brigade, the 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and Dublin Fusiliers leading, began to advance up the hills. Despite the constant shelling the enemy stood up in their trenches and took deliberate aim down the side of the hill. The infantry advance was further covered by parties firing volleys on the right and left. The advance was slow, our men availing themselves of every piece of cover. In addition to their trenches the enemy had shelter behind a long wall on the crest of the hill. They poured lead along the advancing lines of infantry, which, however, continued to steadily cover the ground. The enemy showed wonderful tenacity. Few of them left the trenches, and the majority maintained a deadly fire. When darkness set in our

infantry had got within a few hundred yards of the first line of trenches. The Dublins lost severely, among the killed, Lieutenant-Colonel Sitwell, one of the officers who survived the Uganda Mutiny. The gallant colonel was almost the last to leave the hill, steadying his men during the retirement. Telegram after this engagement, the *Times* correspondent at Maritzburg, of the Dublins: "The gallant battalion which began the campaign 800 strong can to-day be said to muster on parade only from 200 of its original members."

The following is a summary of the Regiment's casualties:—

Officers killed.—Lieutenant-Colonel C. G. H. Sitwell, Captain G. A. Weldon, Captain A. H. Bacon, Captain C. A. H. Lieutenant R. C. P. Henry, Second-Lieutenant C. J. Genge.

Officers wounded.—Lieutenant-Colonel G. A. Mills, Major A. Gordon, Major F. P. English, Captain M. Lowndes, Captain Dibley, Captain H. M. Shewan, Captain A. V. Hill, Lieutenant C. N. Perreau, Lieutenant A. Brodhurst Hill, Lieutenant MacLeod, Lieutenant J. T. Dennis, Lieutenant J. W. H. Sapp, Lieutenant H. A. F. Watson.

The following officers were reported as missing:—Captain M. I. Lonsdale, Lieutenant F. N. Mesurier, Lieutenant C. Gary, Lieutenant C. T. W. Grimshaw, Lieutenant T. H. D. Frank, Lieutenant Mesurier escaped from Pretoria and all the others since been released.

Beside these officers, the regiment has lost the following men: killed, 93; wounded, 370; missing, 35.

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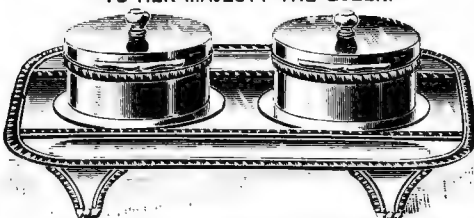
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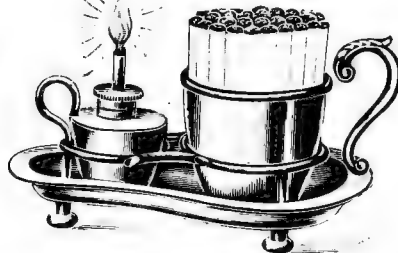
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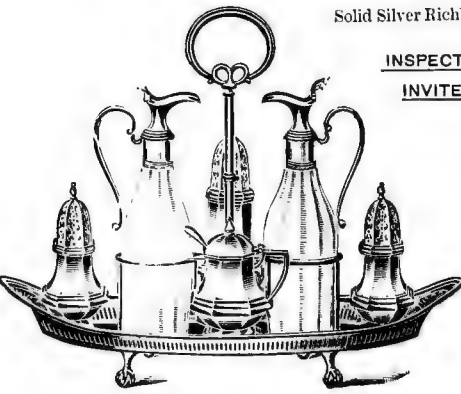


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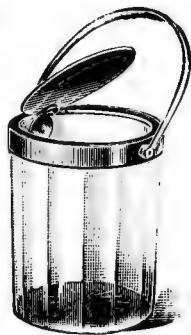


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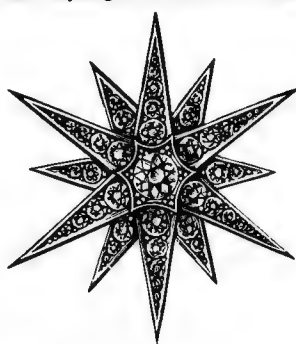
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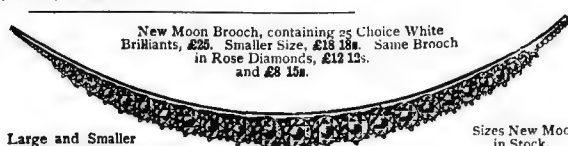
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"A SUFFOLK COURTSHIP"

Which of the many Suffolk courtships described by M. Betham-Edwards in her new tale (Hurst and Blackett) is intended by the "A" of the title we cannot pretend to say. That, however,

matters little. The farm life of long ago, but not too long ago for many memories, when the tenant farmer belonged to a class, and a flourishing class, of his own, and the old ways were still but barely touched by the new, is what has evidently interested the author, and will interest her readers. Nothing in the picture is otherwise than of the homeliest, and it is just this that constitutes its value, not only as an entertaining story, but as a permanent record of things and people that have been and will never be again.

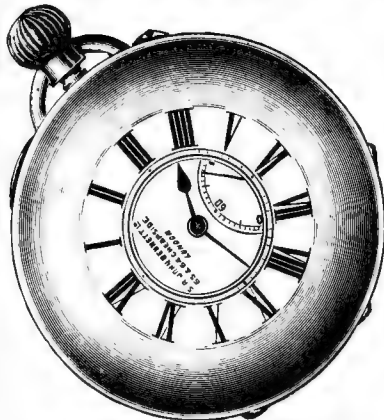
"A DAUGHTER OF THE FIELDS"

To all who know Katherine Tynan's Irish stories it will be superfluous to say that the newest of them, "A Daughter of the Fields" (Smith, Elder and Co.), is full of idyllic charm, of the best Irish colour, and of sympathetic portraiture; while the flashes which reveal the poet through the veil of prose never have to be long waited for. It is a thoroughly country story, in which unconscious heroism has to display itself under the disguise of very homely duty. But there it is; and Mrs. O'Donoghue and her daughter Meg will take a high place among the many heroines whom their author has firmly established in the affections of her readers. "A Daughter of the Fields"—it is well-named—is among the best and pleasantest of her pictures of Irish life and character on its most attractive side.

"THE HARP OF LIFE"

Miss Elizabeth Godfrey makes a distinct stride forward with "The Harp of Life" (Grant Richards). She has always shown leaning towards musical subjects; and this is a musical novel in two senses. Outwardly it deals with music and musicians; this with a fulness and accuracy of knowledge calculated to startle a critic who has become familiarised with the ignorant notes normally suffered by music at the hands of fiction. Miss Godfrey's representatives of their art are very actual men and women, with experiences, both professional and artistic, are no less essentially real. The inner sense of the novel is naturally suggested by the title—which, by the way, Miss Godfrey has ingeniously dissociated from the quotation that everybody knows. A prefatory apology tells us of two Master-Harpers upon life, Love and Sorrow; and that it is the latter of the two who saves the music from being trivial tunes, forgotten as soon as heard. The relation between the violinist, Roger Redway, and Lady Gilderdale—"a passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky"—evolves a very beautiful story, handled with all the delicacy as well as firmness of touch that proves the authoress also to be a musician—in words.

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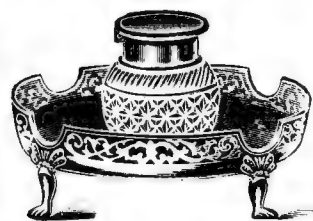
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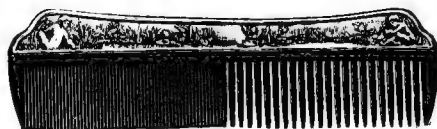
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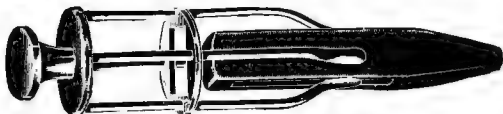
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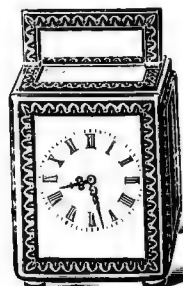
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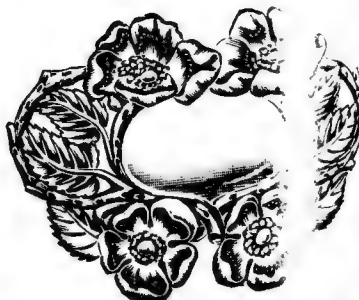
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Music of the Week

THE week has been a busy one, for the autumn concert season will practically end next week, and many concert-givers are anxious for a hearing before the Christmas holidays begin. To-day the last Popular Concert of the season will take place. Last Saturday at these entertainments Lady Hallé appeared, and played Tartini's "Devil's Trill," besides taking part with a new and clever Norwegian pianist, Mlle. Stockmarr, in Brahms' Duet Sonata in D Minor. The last of the Symphony Concerts, under Mr. Wood, took place at Queen's Hall on Saturday, the programme comprising Brahms' Symphony in D, and Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, the latter played by M. Sauret. It was, curiously enough, a novel feature of this Queen's Hall programme that for once it contained no work from a Russian pen. The Queen's Hall Concerts will be resumed on January 26.

The last of the Crystal Palace Concerts also took place on Saturday, with a Sullivan "In Memoriam" programme, and it furnished a most interesting précis of Sullivan's work for a period of about thirty years, from *The Tempest* music, with which he made his first bow to a London audience at the Crystal Palace in 1862, to a selection from *Ivanhoe*, produced in 1891, and the Templar's

soliloquy from which was ably sung by Mr. Andrew Black. Selections from the Festival "Te Deum," written in 1872, from *The Martyr of Antioch*, *The Golden Legend*, the *Henry VIII.*, *Merchants of Venice* music were likewise given; while the evening's programme comprised melodies from about half a dozen of his comic operas.

The last of the Albert Hall Choral Concerts before Christmas, took place on Thursday, when *Judas Maccabeus* was revived, under the conductorship of Sir Frederick Bridge. Large excisions were made in the music, but most of the popular songs and choruses were retained.

At the last of the Curtius Club Concerts before Christmas, Mlle. Camilla Landi made her first appearance for some years. This distinguished vocalist has greatly improved since she was last here, and her rendering of old Italian songs by Ariosti, Scarlatti, and others, was as interesting as her singing of more modern songs by Saint-Saëns and Chaminade. The Welsh Ladies' Choir, who have been singing for some time at the Palace Theatre, have now given their final performance, a special concert being organised for them on Thursday afternoon last week. The Stock Exchange Orchestra have started their eighteenth season, with a capital performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and of Tchaikowsky's "1812" Overture; besides some part songs admirably rendered by the male

voice choir, which, like the orchestra, is largely recruited from among the "Bulls" and "Bears."

The Memorial Concert given last week by members of his family, of works by the Hon Norman Grosvenor, introduced to the public some music written by a highly accomplished amateur who died a couple of years ago. It would be easy to exaggerate the importance of these works, which must, of course, be judged entirely from the amateur standpoint.

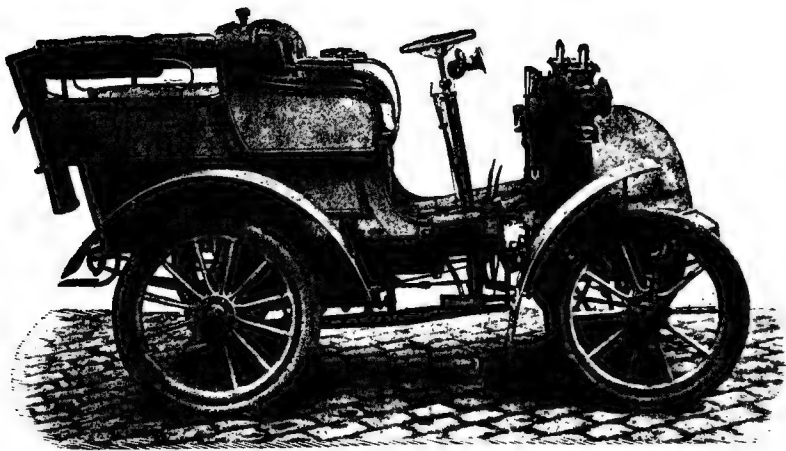
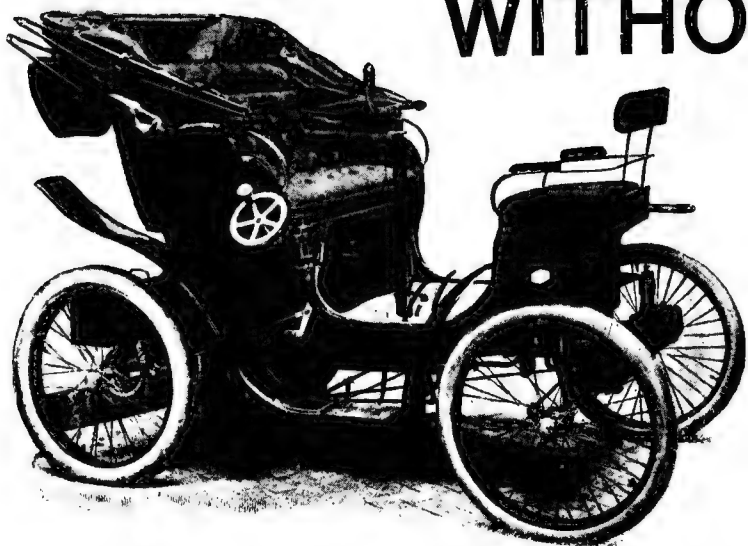
Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE winter thus far has not made great demands either on the baker or on the corn factor who supplies white food and fateners for live stock. The national bill for food has been kept low, a matter of some rejoicing at a time when little items of sixteen millions or so are being called for to meet necessary but tiresome outlays on *la haute politique*. The mildness of the season may be judged from the fact that tobacco plants in sheltered gardens are still in blossom, while geraniums are putting forth fresh flowers in the open. The high winds would have done good had the air

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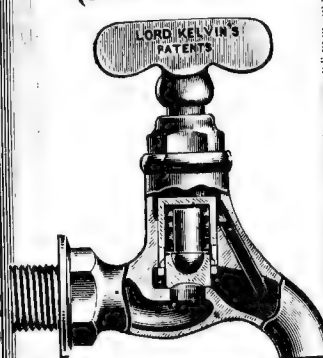


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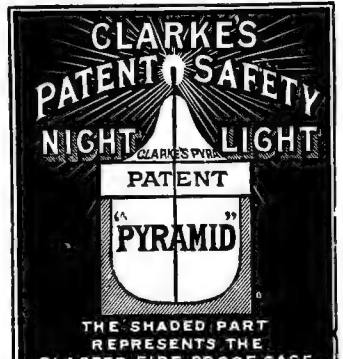
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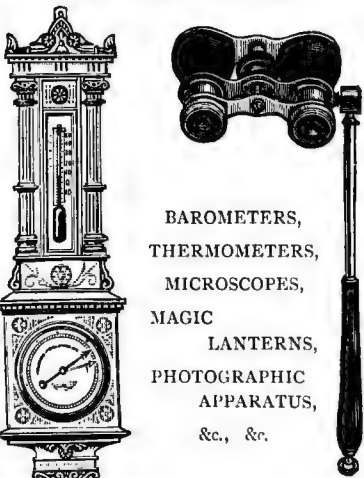


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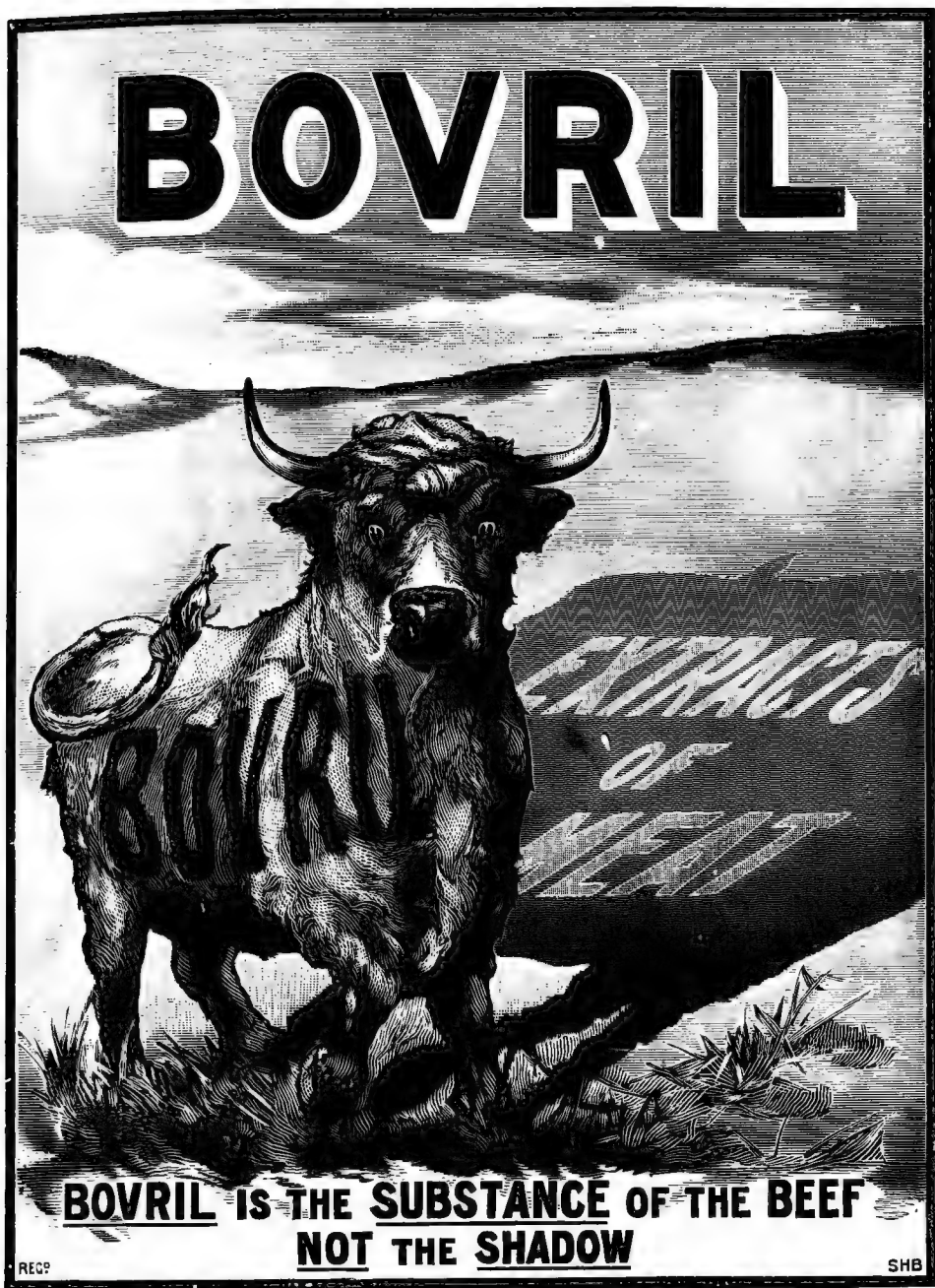
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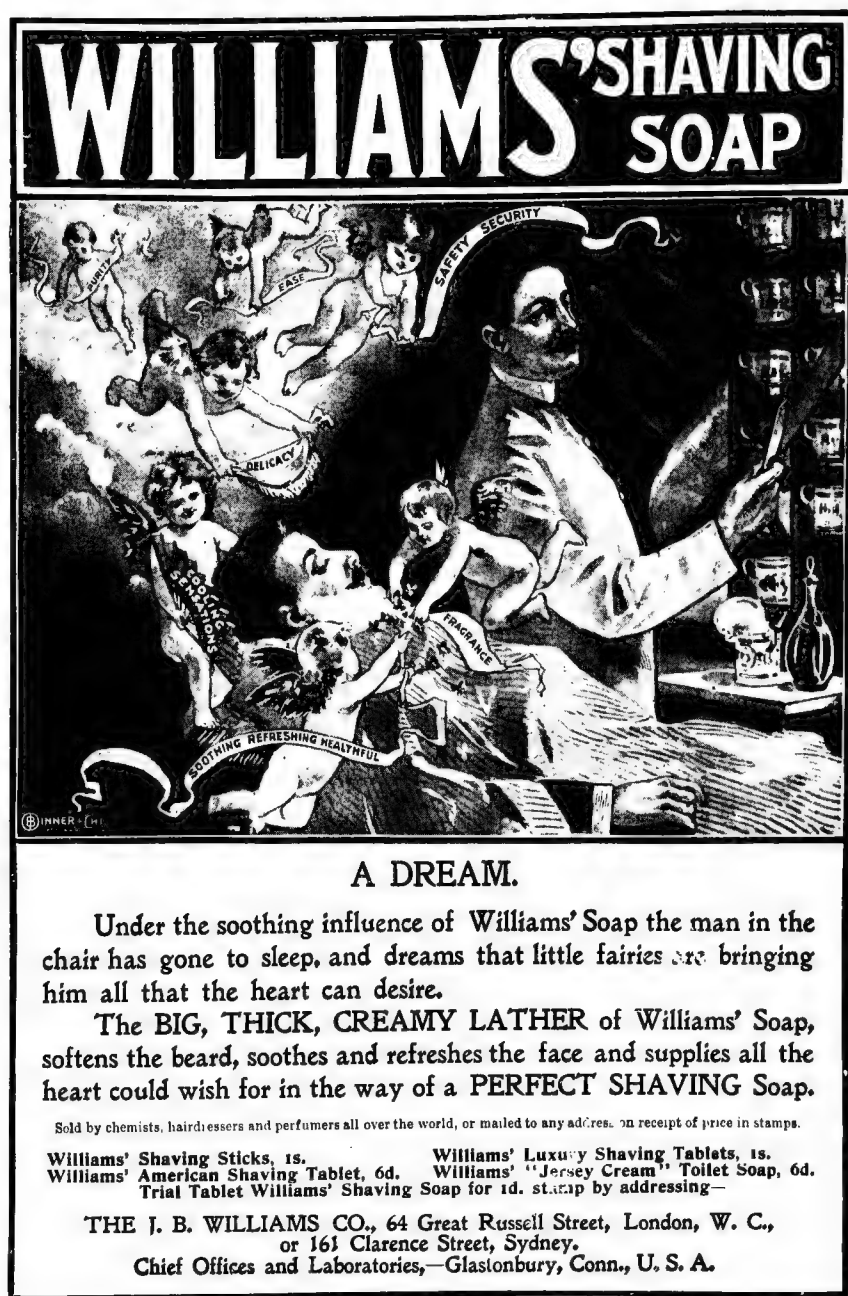
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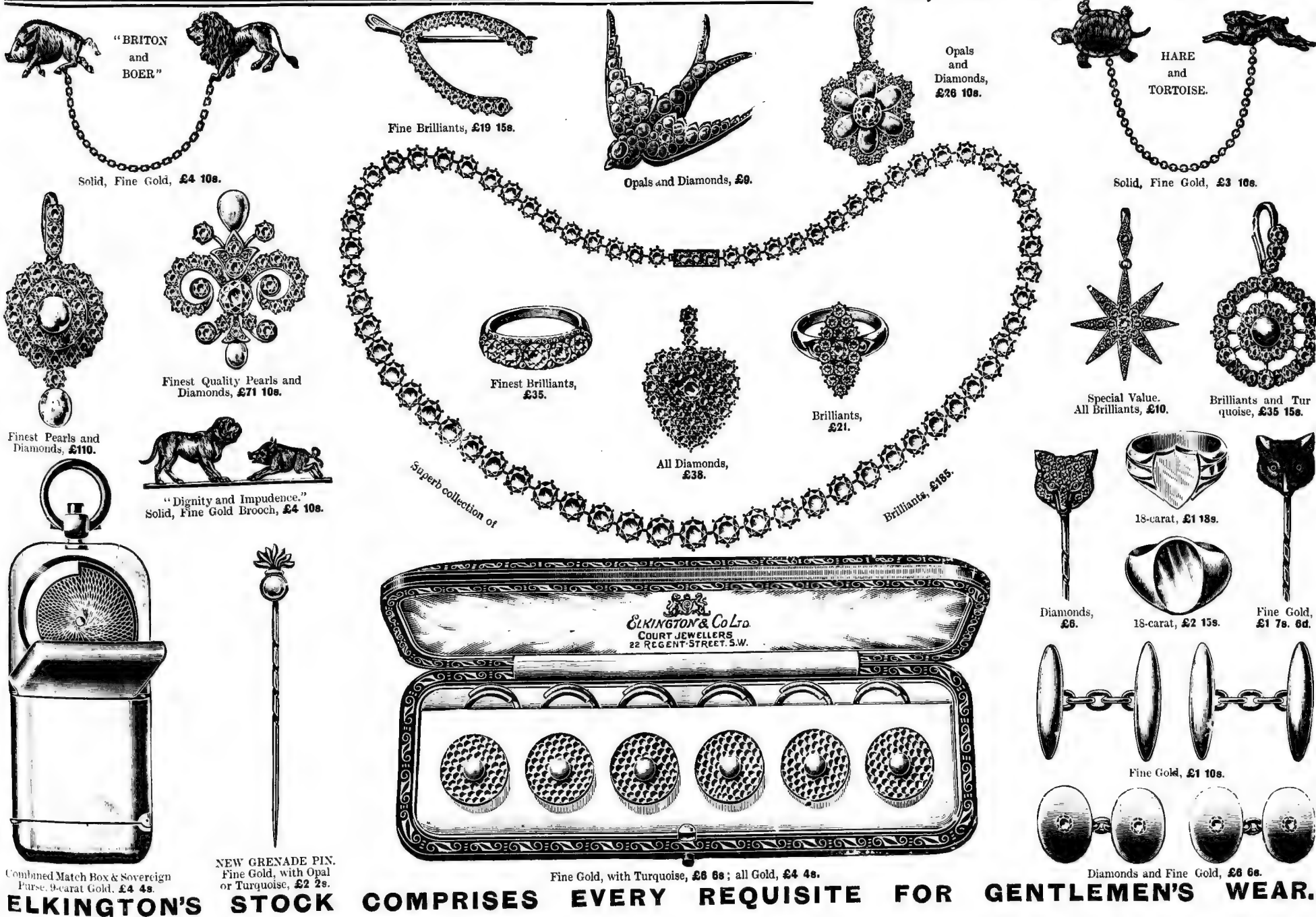
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been dryer, but even as it is they have helped evaporation. The Government crop estimates for the year are out and give the yield as follows:—Wheat, 52,639,809 bushels, barley, 62,314,510 bushels, and oats, 114,847,537 bushels, against wheat, 65,529,325 bushels, barley, 67,715,698 bushels, and oats, 114,746,544 bushels for the previous year. The decline on the yields of wheat and barley exceeds anticipation, but oats had been usually regarded as a smaller crop than last year. It is an improvement in the Scotch yield which brings the total up to the comparatively good figure given for Great Britain as a whole.

SMITHFIELD WEEK

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which came steadily to the front. The championship of the show-yard in the first half of the century was contested between Herefords, Shorthorns, and Crossbreds; to-day it is a contest mainly between Aberdeen-Angus, Shorthorns, and Crossbreds. The Hereford remains a splendid type, and still sometimes wins, but this breed is peculiarly local. It is best in the West, where it fully holds its own. It does not seem to like travelling, and many leading breeders do not trouble the London market. The sheep and pigs take a minor position at Smithfield; it was left for the Royal Agricultural Society in the forties to develop this side of stock breeding. It should, however, be remembered that the Smithfield Committee intended in the days of William IV. to organise a summer show for all live stock, and that the Royal did little more than take over this excellent idea, which, in turn, had sprung from the great success of the winter institution.

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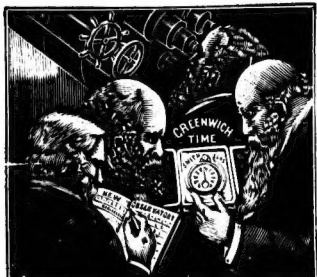
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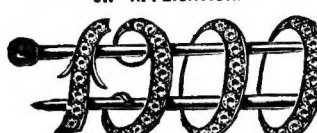
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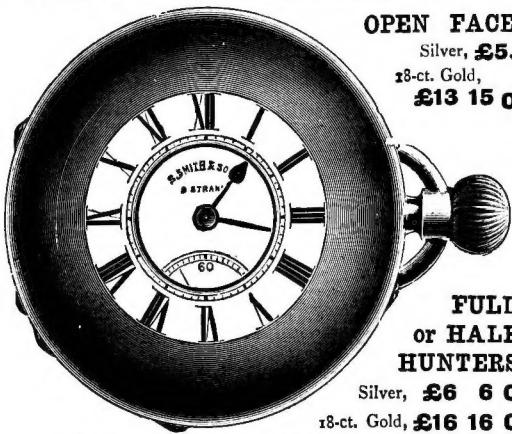
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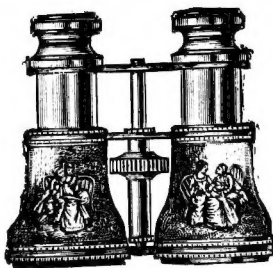
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